THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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AMERICAN CELTS.

A Military Writer Gives an Anylitical Sketch of the Irish Element which Inhabited this Country Before and at the Time of the Revolution.

Testimony of Gen. Robertson, Washington Parke Custis and Others in Regard to Their Services.

BY COL. S. C. LINEHAN.

[*New York Irish-American, June 4*].

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

As late as 1840, among the surviving veterans of the Revolutionary war residing in Kentucky were the following: James McElroy, Andrew Linam, James McElhany, Michael Moore, Wm. Brady, George Bryan, Michael Smith, Edward McConnell, Michael Freeman, Joseph Dunn, John Hart, William DeCourcey, David Driscoll, John Short, John Behan, Richard Wade, Randall Haley, Cornelius Sullivan, Hugh Drennan, Patrick McCann, John McCue, E. Madden, John Burk, David Kennedy, Timothy Logan, John Slavin, James Logan, John Martin, John Herron, Patrick Marvin, John Carroll, Michael Hargan, Daniel Bryan, John McGee, John Murphy, John Keen, Joseph Casey, Richard Bellew, Stephen Collins, William Lyons, Jacob Dooley, William Devine, William Kelly, Charles Hart, William Connor, Daniel McCarthy, James Fitzpatrick, Robert Burke, R. McCormack, Isaac Connor, William Sweeny, James Dooley, Samuel Burke, John Reilly, John Mahon, John Adair, Martin Hughes, Joseph Sweeney, Thos. Loughlan, Patrick Coyle, Denis Dailey, John McQuilty, John Mitchel, Gen. Richard Butler, Maj. John Finley, Col. James Morrison.

The following served in the several companies named, during the Revolution, on detached service, mainly against the Indians, who were the auxiliaries of the British: In Capt. Bourman's Co., William Barry, Edward Bulgar, Patrick Doran, Isaac McBride, Robert McClanahan, Edward Murray, Joseph, Michael and Thomas Pendergast. Capt. Logan's Co., Capt. Benjamin Logan, Lieut. John Logan, William Casey, George Flynn, Bartholomew Fenton, Stephen Houston, John McCormack, John McElhone, John McElvaine, John McKaine, Archibald Mahone, William Nott. Capt. Harrod's Co., Daniel Driskill, John Conway, Patrick McGee, John Lewis, Wm. Smiley, James Sullivan, James Welch. Capt. Boyle's Co., Capt. John Boyle, Barney Boyle, Elisha Clary, James Coyle, Owen Devine, Peter Higgins, Robert Moore, William Rowan, Dennis Devine. Capt. Holder's Co., James Barry, John Butler, James Bryan, William Collins, William McGee, Hugh Ross. Capt. Boone's Co., John Butler, Patrick Ryan, Morgan Hughes, John McFadden.

An idea can be formed of the Irish blood in Kentucky, during these stirring times, from the character of the names given. Nearly all of the great Gaelic family names are represented, and the absence of Scriptural (Old Testament) names, so common among those of the Presbyterian and Congregational denominations, shows that those men were of Catholic stock when they, or their fathers, emigrated. The first settlers of the "Blue Grass" State were from Virginia, North Carolina and Pennsylvania—nearly all of this stock, which, no doubt, accounts for the gallantry and beauty of the modern Kentuckians, men and women, and the superior quality of Kentucky whisky and horses, for *usquebaugh*, or "mountain dew," was first distilled in Ireland, and when first tasted by the sluggish Saxons, the effect was such on their thick blood, muddled by beer, that they considered it good not only as a beverage, but a "cure-all" for medicinal purposes.

James McBride, an Irishman, has the credit of being the first white man to enter the territory, "paddling his canoe up the Kentucky River in 1745." Twenty years later, Col. George Groghan, the well-known Indian agent, of the same stock, was at Shawnee, on the Ohio River. When Daniel Boone left North Carolina for Kentucky, in 1768, he was accompanied by James Mooney, John Stewart, Joseph Holden, John Findlay and William Cool, all but the leader being of Irish stock. In 1775, James and Robert McAleer and James McCowen went to the territory on a surveying tour. In 1778, Capt. James Grattan, John Tool and John McManus were among those who laid the permanent foundation of the city of Louisville. Bryan's Station was one of the earliest garrisons for protection against the Indians; and two of the prominent Indian fighters were Capts. Orr and Shannon. Capt. Flynn was one of the founders of the town of Columbia, 1717, and Dr. John Connolly was agent, in 1778, for the British government in the territory. The first newspaper established northwest of the Ohio, in Cincinnati, was by William Maxwell, of the same stock.

Col. John Lutterel, an Irishman, was one of a party which left North Carolina for Boonesboro', Ky., in April, 1765. He was one of the pioneers, and a noted man for years. He was accompanied by John Hart and John Kennedy. Daniel Boone was the leader. Capt. Flynn, who has been mentioned as one of the founders of Columbia, had as associates Francis Dunleavy and John Riley.

Among the first settlers of Harrodsburg were the families of McGarry and Hogan, welcome acquisitions on account of the presence of their wives and children. Maj. McGarry was one of the bravest as well as one of the best-known Indian fighters in Kentucky, having for an associate a brother Celt named Maj. McBride, and another named Capt. Bulger. The recital of their deeds would alone fill a good-sized volume. In an attack on Bryan's Station, a garrison named after another Celt, by a party of 500 Indians, in 1782, the savages were repulsed, but some of the women were killed. This enraged the whites in the vicinity, and a party of 600 met at the station to arrange for the pursuit and punishment of the Indians. The cooler heads, led by Daniel Boone, tried to dissuade the hotheads from making the attempt, but in the midst of the discussion the impetuous McGarry, putting spurs to his horse, cried out for all but the cowards to follow him, and galloped in the direction taken by the savage foe. Every man of the 160, nettled by the taunt, followed him; but the result which was predicted followed. They fell into an ambuscade, and sixty of the number were killed, among them McBride and Bulger. McGarry fought like a madman, but escaped unhurt.

Among the first Presbyterian ministers in the State were James McGready, William McGill, Samuel McAdoo, Henry Delaney, A. Bryan, William McGee, William McMahon and John Dunleavy; and among the first Methodist ministers were James O'Cull, William McMahon, William Burke and John and William McGee, all Irish enough in appearance to be staunch Catholics of the old Milesian type, and it is not unlikely that their fathers might have been.

Among those who distinguished themselves in the history of the State, as legislators, soldiers, writers, were William T. Barry, who was chief justice of the court of appeal in 1825; one of a commission to digest a plan of schools for common education; Lieutenant-Governor in 1820; in the National House of Representatives in 1810–11; and in the United States Senate in 1814–16. Gen. John Adair held high command in the war of 1812-15; received the thanks of the Kentucky Legislature for gallantry at New Orleans; was Governor of Kentucky in 1820; in the National House of Representatives 1814–16, and had served in the United States Senate in 1805–6.

John Rowan was Secretary of State in 1804; Benjamin Logan was presidential elector in 1793, William Logan in 1809, and Robert Ewing, William Irvine, Wm. Casey and Wm. Logan in 1813.

The indomitable Matthew Lyon, who went from Vermont to Kentucky, was again sent from Kentucky to congress in 1829–33–35, and his son, Chittenden Lyon, was there in 1827–35. Col. Chittenden Lyon was a veritable giant in size, being considerably over six feet in height, and weighing over 350 pounds. The admixture of Irish and Yankee blood in his make-up, if anything, increased his pugnacious spirit, inherited from his father, who had married one of the Vermont Chittendens; and the stories told of his prowess as a wrestler and boxer are countless. Being at one time a candidate for a public office, when the final gun was close, he was approached by a political opponent, his rival in fisticuffs, as well as in politics, and fully his equal in size and weight, and challenged to a boxing match, the condition being that the loser should vote for the winner. This Lyon agreed to, and they went at it, over 700 pounds of bone and muscle; and after a severe contest the spectators interfered, and it was declared a draw, Lyon, however, receiving his rival's vote.

Thomas Dougherty (a noted North of Ireland name), was clerk of the House of Representatives in 1815. And among native Kentuckians who served in congress from other States were James B. Foley, from Indiana, 1857–59; Willis A. Gorman, from same State, 1849–53, and also a Major-General in the civil war; Edward A. Hannegan, from same State, in 1855–57; and Cornelius L. L. Leary, from Maryland. Among the noted military men of the Gaelic stock were Generals John Boyle, Adair, Groghan and Commander Prendergast. Among the poets were Dr. John M. Harney, brother to Gen. W. S. Harney; Col. Theodore O'Hara, Gen. W. O. Butler, W. D. Gallagher, Noble Butler and William N. Harney. Among legislators and educators, in addition to those named already, were McNamara, Hogan, Kane O'Hara, "the great educator," and father of Col. Theodore, the poet; Judge Jas. O'Hara, brother to Kane; and Maj. Jas. O'Hara, son of the judge, John McGill and James McGinty. Cassidy, O'Bannon, Keenan and Finley were also honored names in the "dark and bloody ground." Michael Cassidy, born in Ireland, and a soldier of the Revolution, came to Kentucky in 1782. He was small in stature, being barely five feet in height, but made up in courage what he lacked in size; and was, in addition, as tough and wiry as a hickory sapling. While hunting, one day, with a companion, he encountered three Indians. The usual result followed. Thinking from his appearance Cassidy was but a boy, he was left for one to handle, while the other two made short work of his companion. The Indian approached Cassidy carelessly, knife in hand; but, to his surprise, the "boy," who was a noted boxer and wrestler, had him on his back before he could say "Jack Robinson." He was, however, too powerful to be kept down, but was no sooner on his feet than he was again floored with a terrible whack. This pleased the other two Indians, who had finished their man and were enjoying the tussle between the supposed boy and their companion. The repeated falls he received, however, convinced them of their mistake; and approaching nearer, one of them felled poor Cassidy with his club. As he went down his right hand came in contact with the knife of the Indian, which had lain where he first fell. Seizing this, with a rapid backward thrust he plunged it into the body of the nearest of his assailants, and rising to his feet, ran for his life, followed by two of the savages. After a chase of over a mile, a creek, deep and narrow, and with a rapid current, was encountered. Into this Cassidy plunged, and as he was being borne down by the rushing waters, he caught on to one of the branches of a tree, partially submerged, and here, with his nostrils barely above the water, he laid for what seemed an age, while his pursuers looked in vain for his reappearance. Thinking he was drowned, they finally gave up the search, and Cassidy, more dead than alive, made his way home in the night. He served in the State legislature from 1805 to 1808. His son, William Cassidy, was also a member in 1829.

IRISH ART.

Learned Lecture of the Eloquent Irish Jesuit, the Rev. Nicholas Murphy, on the Subject.

Unrivalled Beauty of Irish Artistic Work On Crosses, Brooches and Other Memorials and Ornaments.

There was a large attendance at the Leinster Lecture Hall on the evening of May 31, when the Rev. Nicholas Murphy, S.J., lectured on "Irish Art as Shown in Ancient Irish Crosses." The lecturer illustrated his commentaries by the aid of excellent photographs, which he exhibited to the audience by means of an oxyhydrogen lantern. Dr. Sigerson presided and briefly introduced the lecturer.

Father Murphy, who was received with applause, said, there were two questions which he felt bound to answer, and which would naturally occur to many there, whom he might not uncharitably regard as non-experts on this subject. The first was, Is there such a thing as Irish art—art exclusively Irish? and the second was, What are the characteristics of it? To the first question he answered that there was. There was a kind of Irish art as definite and distinct as the Egyptian art and the Grecian art. It used to be called Anglo-Saxon, but now they had asserted themselves in more ways than one, and Irish art was universally known and styled 'Opus Hibernicun,' and whether it was met with at home, abroad in a manuscript in the Ambrorian Library, or in a shrine at Copenhagen, it could be recognized at a glance and traced back to Irish artists. He came now to the second question, What was Irish art? It was in brief interlaced work, wicker work, reticuled work, diversified by scroll work.

There were some very special characteristics about such work, first of all an entire absence of foliage if, perhaps, they excepted the trefoil or shamrock whereas animals and serpents of various kinds are twisted and adapted to ornamentation as in no other kind of art. Secondly, the spaces of the work were often broken into panels, and the patterns, which were infinitely varied, were nowhere repeated, and thirdly, perfection of the minutest details was observed. It should be borne in mind that nearly all the specimens of manuscript work were done at a time when the fine arts might be said to be extinct in Italy and on the continent. It was during the period between the fifth and eighth centuries that the art of ornamenting manuscript had attained in Ireland a perfection almost marvellous. Before proceeding to deal directly with this subject Father Murphy exhibited photographs of what he described as four of the finest specimens of Irish art. The first was the title page of the most beautiful work in the world—the Book of Kells—which could be seen in Trinity College Library, and of which Giraldus Cambrensis wrote that it seemed the work of "angelic rather than human skill." The second was the Tara Brooch, which had been sold to the Royal Irish Academy by Mr. Waterhouse, the jeweler, for £300, on the condition that that it would not be allowed to leave Ireland. The diameter of the brooch was 2½ inches, and it contained seventy-six different panels. The third was the Ardagh Cup, or chalice, now in the National Museum, and the fourth the shrine of St. Patrick's Bell, which had been wrought about 1100 A.D.—seventy years before the Anglo-Saxons came over to this country to teach Christian truths to an uncivilized people. (Laughter.) These specimens exhibited a style of art that was exclusively Irish. It was not only not Anglo-Saxon, but the term Celtic was a misnomer.

The Celts of Wales or Bretagne had no such art, and Anderson admitted that if such art were to be found in Scotland it was because the Irish had brought it there. The reverend gentleman then proceeded to exhibit specimens of Irish crosses, and to point out their distinctive features, and trace the development of art as exhibited therein. Some of those crosses were memorial crosses, some were terminal crosses, and some of them were market crosses, like that of Tuam. Most of them were over a thousand years old. He first showed two very ancient and crude specimens existing at Glendalough and Gletty, near Carlow, and pointed out that in the latter the circle which was distinctive of the Irish cross was observable. The arms of the cross at Finglas, which had been hidden when Cromwell began his march on Drogheda, were on a different plane from the circle. There was a round moulding along the cross at Kilgobbin, and five bosses were observable on the terminal cross at Lisakee. The cross of Tuam had been made about 1150 A.D., and might have been erected as a memorial of the completion of the cathedral which had been finished in that year.

The Crucifixion was wrought upon the cross of Donaghmore. The faces of the cross at Kilfenora farmed an obtuse angle, and the moulding at the apex of the elevation formed a support for the feet of a figure of the Blessed Saviour. There was moulding in the circle of the cross at Moon, where a monastery was founded by St. Columpkille in 550 A. D. The Twelve Apostles were represented at the base in rows of four on each side. The ornamentation was of the lozenge pattern. There were a great variety of figures on the cross of Durrow. The work in the circle of the Cross of Kells was as beautiful and refined as lace work. The cross of Cong was a processional cross. It was of oak, covered with copper and brass. The filagree work became more perfect as it approached the centre. There was an inscription on the cross to the effect that it contained a portion of the true cross. Thirteen of the eighteen jewels which were in the cross remained. The colcluding exhibit was the photograph of a beautifully designed cross, executed by Mr. William P. O'Neill, of Brunswick street.

Mr. George Coffey proposed a vote of thanks to the lecturer. He said until they were prepared to create imaginative work without fear of criticism from English sources they would not attain the success they desired in the effort to develop Irish art.

The Chairman said he would ask General Piatt, the American Consul in Ireland, who had delayed his departure for America, which they all regretted, in order to be present at the meeting to second the motion (applause.)

General Piatt said the subject was one in which he had taken an interest, and during his residence of nearly twelve years in Ireland he had visited the sites of many of those remains of an ancient Irish art. So far as he knew there was in the world no country more interesting as regards its monuments and memorials than Ireland. The old Ireland of these beautiful and venerable works of art had sometimes appeared to him like a sunken land, like the places in the poetic traditions and legends of Ireland beneath the waters of haunted loughs and meres, through whose still surface the golden shimmer of its past glory revealed itself dimly, and beneath which the bells of its lost churches and abbeys were heard faintly and pitifully ringing. Some such impression or vision had come to him again there that night as he listened to the lecture of Father Murphy, and saw these silent witnesses of ancient Ireland's glory pass like shadows so departed (applause.)

Professor Mir Aulid Ali supported the motion, and said that he did not agree that Ireland would lose by her connection with England, as Mr. Coffey had said. Ireland, which was the oldest country in the United Kingdom, would improve England by her art (applause.)

The Chairman, in putting the resolution, said a nation lived by the work which revealed its intellect. Surely then if they were to pronounce *non omnius moriar* they should do something more for the cultivation of the intellect than had hitherto been done, by doing what they could to popularise lectures of that kind (applause.)

Father Murphy having briefly replied, the proceedings concluded.

DEAR OLD IRELAND.

BY MICHAEL SCANLAN.

Far from the hills of Innesfail
We meet in love tonight.
Some of the scattered Clan-na-Gael
With spirits warm and bright.
Why do we meet? 'Tis to repeat
Our vows, both night and day,
To dear old Ireland! brave old Ireland!
Ireland boys, hurrah!

Some left her shores long years ago,
Some never saw her hills:
But, for her glory and her woe,
Each faithful bosom thrills.
We give no cheers, but vow her tears,
Revenge shall wipe away—
Ah! dear old Ireland! brave old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, Hurrah!

We're not the fortune favored kind,
But rugged sons of toil;
We've got the muscle and the mind
That sprung from Irish soil.
Our toil being done, and night come on,
We meet to work and pray
For dear old Ireland! brave old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurrah!

We've read of how our fathers fought,
And how our fathers died;
How creeds divided where they ought
To muster side by side;
We count the cost that Faction lost,
And cast the seed away
For dear old Ireland! brave old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurrah!

Let cowards bend in abject prayer,
Let tyrants frown and threat;
Be ours, the duty to prepare
With sword and bayonet.
Let babblers cease to prate of peace;
God send us war, we say,
For dear old Ireland! brave old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurrah!

Our fathers died in olden time,
And left a heritage.
(And, loving Ireland was their crime)
Of blood, and hate, and rage,
And, by the Cross, there's been no loss—
We hate as strong as they,
For dear old Ireland! brave old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurrah!

Once more we're on the "Felon's track,"
Red with our fathers' blood;
And woe unto the men who slack
Our spirits' burning flood!
The Green above—Revenge and Love—
Forward! and march away
For dear old Ireland, brave old Ireland!
Ireland! Boys! Hurrah!

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BONDS OF HYMEN.

Marriage of Edward Dudley Kenna to Miss Madeline Kerens, Daughter of the Hon. R. C. Kerens, of St. Louis, Mo.

A Brilliant Wedding Reception—List of Prominent Guests—Other Matrimonial Events.

KENNA–KERENS.

The palatial residence in Vandeventer place, St. Louis, of Hon. Richard C. Kerens, National Republican Committeeman, of Missouri, was the scene, recently, of one of the most brilliant weddings of the season. Miss Madeline, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kerens, and Edward Dudley Kenna, general attorney of the St. Louis and San Francisco road, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by the Most Rev. Archbishop John J. Kain, assisted by Rev. Thomas P. Brown and Rev. T. E. Sherman, S. J., son of the late Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman.

The beautiful mansion was transformed into a perfect floral bower. Feathery ferns, smilax and quantities of white roses were used in decorating the walls, chandeliers, pictures and every available space. The room in which the marriage ceremony was performed was most artistically adorned. The entire walls and ceilings were covered by ropes of smilax, alternating with garlands of white roses, confined by broad bows of white satin ribbon, while myriads of incadescent lights shed a silvery radiance, filtered through pearl-tinted globes.

The bridal cortege entered to the strains of the wedding march from "Lohengrin," under the direction of Mr. Thomas Moore, organist of the Jesuit Church in Chicago, while Sig. G. Parisi played Gounod's "Ave Maria" during the ceremony. The attendants were: Miss Katheryne Kerens, maid of honor; and Misses Katherine and Edith Mudd and Miss Mercer of Massachusetts, bridesmaids. Mr. Adiel Sherwood served as best man, and Messrs. Ernest Kenna, Gist Blair and Edgar A. Bancroft of Chicago as groomsmen. The ushers were Messrs. Richard and Vincent Kerens.

The bride was beautiful in a superb robe of white brocade, en traine, the front of the skirt festooned with Irish point, caught by orange blossoms. The high corsage was trimmed with a deep bertha of Irish point, outlined by pearl bands, a girdle of ropes of pearls encircling the slender waist. The soft folds of the tulle veil were confined by a spray of orange blossoms. Her only adornment was a magnificent diamond necklace, the gift of the groom. She carried a bouquet of white roses.

The maid of honor wore a costume of white silk mull over rose pink satin, embroidered in gold, made with low bodice and short puffed sleeves. The bridesmaids were gowned alike in white organdie, accordeon pleated, over pale pink satin, trimmed with white lace and satin ribbon. They each wore bridesmaid's veils of white tulle. Little Gladys Kerens served as flower girl, in a dainty frock of white mull over pink silk.

Mrs. Kerens, mother of the bride, wore a gown of pale yellow satin, brocaded in rose petals, the skirt trimmed with a flounce of point d' Alencon, the low bodice and sleeves of pink satin, embroidered in crystal.

Mrs. Kenna wore lilac brocade with garniture of jet and yellow chiffon.

Mrs. Manning, grandmother of the bride, wore gray satin with ruffles of black lace.

The presents were of the most magnificent description. The entire room was filled with the numerous, exquisite and costly gifts, many being sent by friends in various parts of the country.

Among the guests were the following prominent officials of the Atchison system: President J. W. Reinhart, General Manager D. V. Robinson, General Auditor, W. R. Gillette, and General Solicitor G. R. Peck; Charles Blood Smith and a number of officials from Topeka.

Other guests noted were Mr. and Mrs. Reinhart, the Misses Reinhart and Master Frank Reinhart of New York; Mrs. Ralph Trautman of New York; Miss Ellen Ford, New York; Hon. Patrick Egan, New York; Dr. and Mrs. John W. Niles, Edward and John Niles, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Sexton and Tom Sexton, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. George R. Peck, Miss Ethel Peck, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Daniel R. Robinson and the Misses Robinson, Chicago; Gillett Watterson, Bishop of Columbus; Rev. T. A. Kendrick, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. Ada Elkins, Kansas City; Mrs. J. T. Hancock, the Misses Hancock, Dubuque, Ia.; Mr. Charles R. Smith, Topeka, Kan.; Mr. and Mrs. Wishart, Springfield, Mo.; Mrs. Margaret Kenna, Quincy, Ill.; W. Clay Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Hobart, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Goddard, Mrs. Charles Clark, Rev. Dr. Butler, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. George W. Allen, Mrs. Edwards of Kirkwood, Mr. and Mrs. Ezra W. Loinley, Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, Mr. and Mrs. Peter L. Foy, Judge Shephard Barclay, Lieut.-Gov. John B. O'Meara, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Mallinckrodt, Major and Mrs. Morrell, Mrs. S. W. Fordyce, Judge Thomas B. Harvey, Dr. W. F. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Lilburn G. McNair, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Farrish and Miss Farrish, Mr. and Mrs. Bob O'Malley, O'Neil Ryan, Amadie Reyburn, Mrs. Joe Chambers, John and Arthur Lee, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Lee, Miss Chouteau, Mr. and Mrs. George N. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Cale, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clover, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Niedringhaus, Col. George Leighton, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Hitchcock, Mr. and Mrs. Christy Church, Dr. H. H. Mudd, Judge McKeighan, Dr. Thomas O'Reilly, Col. William H. Phelps of Carthage, Mo., and a host of others.

FORD–HEALY.

Mr. John Ford, agent for Kearns, Prendergast & Bender, and for a long time previously connected with the Excelsior Stone Company, was married on Wednesday morning, at St. Anne's Catholic church, the Rev. P. M. Flanigan officiating, to Miss Kate Healy, recently, of Queenstown, Ireland, which is also the native place of the bridegroom. Mr. Ford is a highly respected citizen of Chicago, where he has resided for more than twenty years. As a man of business, he has been highly successful. In Irish national matters he is a devoted patriot, and at home, in boyhood, was as devoted to the cause as he is now in the prime of his manhood. THE CITIZEN wishes Mr. and Mrs. Ford all the happiness this world can give. The happy couple, at the conclusion of the nuptial ceremony, left for a brief wedding trip among the Wisconsin lakes. They will be at home to their friends at No. 5740 LaSalle street, after July 1.

DOYLE–BLACK.

Mr. James Doyle and Mrs. Rose M. Black were united in marriage by the Rev. Father Smith at St. Vincent's church on Wednesday morning. The officiating clergyman is uncle of the bride. Miss Nellie Walsh acted as bridesmaid and Mr. Nicholas J. Sheridan as best man. A wedding breakfast was served at the Auditorium, at which all the guests attended. Mr. Doyle is a well known business man and has been for a long time connected with the wholesale grocery firm of Reid, Murdock & Co. The bride is well known in social circles as a handsome and most agreeable lady. The young couple left the city in the evening on a bridal tour, through the Northwest, and will be absent several weeks.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

Another great popular success by the Schiller Comic Opera Company is the "Tar and Tartar," now running at the Schiller Theatre. This favorite and most laughable of all the comic and standard comic operas was presented at the Schiller Theatre last Sunday evening to an immense audience, and the recognition and applause extended the principal members of the company, William Wolff, the talented comedian; Agnes Delaporte, Jane Stuart, J. Aldrich Libbey, the renowned baritone, Ethel Lynton, William Stephens, the tenor, and the clever comedian, Beaument Smith, amounted to a popular ovation. The music of the "Tar and Tartar" is extremely pretty and of that popular character which people leave the theatre humming and whistling. The melodious gems of the opera, are the waltz song, the humming chorus, and the delightful Oriental music of the Arabian song. As to fun, the opera from the beginning to the end of its three bright and sprightly acts, is literally full of it. The audience is carried away by the irresistible fun of the story, the drollness of the bright and spicy dialogue, and is kept in roars of laughter from first to last by the comical situations surrounding the Sultan, Muley Hassan (Mr. Wolff) and the irresistibly funny way in which he meets them. The opera is superbly put upon the stage, its scenic illustration being something magnificent. Nothing superior to the picturesque beauty of the seabeach scene in the first act, the court-yard scene of the Sultan's palace in the third act, and the palm scene and rose garden of the Seraglio in the third act has ever been witnessed upon the Chicago stage.

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ELEMENTAL RUIN.

Loss of Life and Property Near Braddock, Pa.

SWEPT AWAY BY A CLOUDBURST.

Two Men and a Girl Lose Their Lives, Crops Are Destroyed and Houses Wrecked—A Loss of $100,000 Estimated—A Cyclone Descends on Sioux County, Neb., and Plays Some Fantastic Tricks—Meagre Report of Damage in Kansas.

BRADDOCK, Pa., June 19.—A cloud burst broke over the Turtle Creek valley, six miles from this city, destroying growing crops and hurling houses from their foundations. The loss of three lives is reported. The storm cloud covered an area six miles long by two or three wide. Turtle creek and Thompson's creek were raised ten feet above high water mark in fifteen minutes. The strongest force of the cloud broke upon the mining towns above Plum creek and Sandy creek. Eight houses there were picked up by the current and borne with it. John Hodovisky, a miner, while running to the hills, fell into Plum creek and was drowned.

Girl Carried Away by the Torrent.

Mike Boski, another miner, is reported to have been drowned while sleeping in one of the lower rooms of his home. Both men were Hungarians and their bodies have not been recovered. A daughter of John Wansell, 16 years old, is also said to have been lost in the flood while the members of her family were fleeing to the mountains. The total damage is estimated at $100,000.

STORM FREAKS IN NEBRASKA.

Man and Horse Carried 200 Feet and Only Slightly Hurt.

OMAHA, June 19.—A special to The Bee from Harrisonburg, Neb., says: The northern part of Sioux county was visited by a cyclone which was terrible in its severity, but comparatively small in its territory. It was about twenty rods wide and five miles in length. Everything in its path was swept from the earth. A log fourteen feet long and fifteen inches thick was picked up and carried a distance of sixty rods. The barns, sheds, wagons and implements of D. W. Woody were completely demolished and ten rods of a wire fence were swept clean. Rufus Woody and his horse in a shed were picked up and carried through the open roof and landed again 200 feet away. Neither received any serious damage.

Cloudburst Havoc in Kansas.

WICHITA, June 19.—A cloudburst occurred in the southern part of this county that was terrific, but owing to the wires all being down no details can be secured from there. It is related that seven feet of water was on the streets of Mulvane at one time. The big Arkansas bridge at Derby was swept away by the sudden rush of water. The supposition is that a large amount of damage has been done.

INTENDED TO DO MURDER.

Plot to Assassinate a Prison Board Confessed by a Convict.

ST. PAUL, Minn., June 19.—A sensational story of a plan to assassinate members of the state prison board of Minnesota has come to light, the facts being revealed by Warden Wolfen to the Prison Congress delegates. The would-be assassian was murderer Michael Brennan, who recently escaped and was later recaptured at New Orleans. When the prison board visited Stillwater recently Brennan tried to secure an interview to air alleged grievances, but his actions were so suspicious that he was searched and a sharp pointed knife made from a table knife was found in his possession. He admitted his intention to stab the commissioners.

Commonwealers in a Panic.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., June 19.—When the news of the verdict of guilty rendered by the United States court was conveyed to the Sander's camp of commonwealers in the military reservation quite a commotion was raised. The prisoners became excited and a rush for liberty was made. The deputy marshals took after two men, firing on them, hitting and bringing down one man who afterwards crawled in the brush. During the confusion nearly forty of the 'wealers made good their escape.

Five Men Hurt in a Wreck.

CHICAGO, June 19.—Five men were severely injured and nine valuable race horses killed in a wreck late last night on the Chicago Great Western at Stillman Valley, Ills. There were sixteen horses in one of the cars which were wrecked. They were owned by a Mr. Rawley, and were being shipped to Chicago and St. Paul. The men injured were grooms and jockeys.

All Quarantined Against Kelly.

LOUISVILLE, June 19.—All three of the Falls cities—Louisville, New Albany and Jeffersonville—have now quarantined against Kelly's army of "industrials." As their contract with the steamer towing them expires when they reach Louisville the question as to what course the general will pursue when he arrives here is a puzzler.

Fatally Hurt in a Prize Fight.

CANTON O., June 19.—Tommy Miller, the pugilist who was so badly injured in fight with Jimmy Carney a few nights ago at Mayers' Lake, is not improving, and his physicians say he cannot recover. A blood clot has formed on his brain and he suffers intensely.

Attorney General Ellis Denies.

MASON, Mich., June 19.—Attorney General Ellis took the witness stand and denied any complicity in the election fraud of 1891 or any knowledge of it, or of having had any conversation with any one with a view to changing the returns.

He Worked with Owen Lovejoy.

PRINCETON, Ills., June 19.—John Walters, one of the first settlers of this county, died here, aged 82. He was a noted abolitionist and a co-worker of Owen G. Lovejoy in the underground railroad work.

Nebraska Maximum Freight Law.

OMAHA, June 19.—The extended litigation in the federal court with reference to the maximum freight rate law has closed and the judge indicated that a decision would be rendered within two weeks.

Married Saturday, Suicided Monday.

NEW YORK, June 19.—William Alfers and [illegible] were married Saturday. Yesterday Alfers cut his throat in the flat his bride had furnished for housekeeping, and he is now dead.

THE NATIONAL LEGISLATURE.

Proceedings in the Senate and House of Representatives.

WASHINGTON, June 18.—In the senate a bill was passed authorizing Commander Dennis W. Mullan, United State navy, to accept a medal presented to him by the Chilian government. Another bill was passed which fixed the price of desert land at $1.25 and authorizes the refund of payments in excess of that price. The tariff bill was laid before the senate and the vote was immediately taken on the pending amendment of Peffer to transfer all manufactures composed wholly or in part of wool to the free list. It was defeated—34 to 46. The three Populists, Allen, Kyle and Peffer, voted in favor of it. Hansbrough announced that he would have voted "aye" had he not been paired.

The senate then plunged into the actual consideration of the woolen schedule. The first paragraph (278), placing a duty of 15 per cent. on wool and hair in the form of stubbing, waste, mungo shoddy, corded waste, carbonized noils and wool in the form of roving, roping, or tops in the following paragraph dutiable at 15 per cent., Vest explained that the finance committee had been moved to place a duty on shoddy and waste in order to exclude them from the country, to the end that the manufacture of shoddy so prevalent in this country might, to a certain extent, cease. One of the purposes of placing wool on the free list was to discourage the manufacture of shoddy. Under the McKinley act the manufacture of shoddy, Vest said, had doubled. Last year it had reached $90,000,000.

WASHINGTON, June 18.—The senate, after some routine morning business, entered on the twelfth week of the tariff debate. The temperature was sweltering. Hill and Peffer jumped to their feet. The New York senator was recognized and he sent to the clerk's desk an amendment to relegate bituminous coal and shale to the free list.

The vote on Hill's motion was—yeas 7, nays 51. Allen, Hansbrough, Hill, Irby Kyle, Peffer and Washburn voted aye.

A letter from the speaker was read in the house announcing that on account of sickness he would be unable to attend the session of the house, and appointing Bailey of Texas, speaker pro tem. The deficiency bill was reported by Breckinridge of Kentucky. Sayers of Texas will have control of the bill on the floor of the house. The deficiency bill carries an appropriation of $4,890,593. The commercial travelers' bill to permit the issue by railroads of joint inter-changeable 5,000-mile tickets was passed. By a vote of 132 to 81 the house went into committee of the whole to consider the anti-option bill.

GREAT BLAZE IN NEW YORK.

Fire in the Stationery and Paper District Causes a Loss of $1,000,000.

NEW YORK, June 15.—Fire was discovered in the basement of the six-story building at Duane and Elm streets, which has caused a loss probably exceeding $1,000,000. The building in which the fire originated is occupied by printing establishments and paper box factories and on the upper floor by the Sun Electro Photograph company. The top stories of the building fell in about half an hour after the fire was detected and then the flames communicated to the Eaton building across the street. Half of the block between Pearl and Duane and west of Elm street had been totally destroyed within an hour.

The neighborhood is known as the stationery and paper district. It is probable that the fire had been smoldering for hours before it was discovered by the porter for the wine cellar of S. Lochmann & Co., who gave the alarm. The combustible nature of the contents of the buildings, once a free current of air was found, quickly put the fire beyond the control of the firemen, whose efforts were directed to keeping it from extending beyond the square in which it originated.

DIES BY HIS OWN HAND.

Ex-Congressman Bayne of Pennsylvania Kills Himself in Washington.

WASHINGTON, June 18.—Ex-Representative Thomas M. Bayne of Pittsburg committed suicide at his home on Mississippi avenues in the fashionable part of the city, by shooting himself through the heart. It is supposed that ill-health and possibly financial reverses caused the deed. Mr. Bayne was one of the best known Republican politicians in Pennsylvania and was on the ways and

THOS. M. BAYNE.

mean committee in the last congress in which he served. He resigned his seat in congress on account of ill-health, and has since been out of active politics. He belonged to the branch of the party of which Senator Quay is the head.

PLUCKY PREMIER CRISPI.

He Captures the Man Who Tries to Assassinate Him.

ROME, June 18.—An attempt to assassinate Premier Crispi was made here. The premier was driving in his carriage to the chamber of deputies when a man suddenly drew a revolver from his pocket and fired at him. The premier was not wounded and, springing from his carriage, he seized the would-be murderer and held him until a policeman arrived. Great excitement prevails throughout the city and the premier is being congratulated on all sides upon his narrow escape.

Marked a Patriot's Grave.

CHICAGO, June 15.—A little band of loyal-hearted Americans has rescued from obscurity the neglected grave of the Revolutionary patriot, David Kennison, the last survivor of the famous Boston tea party. The white Indians tipped the British tea chests into Boston harbor far back in the last century. But Kennison died only forty-two years ago, having reached the remarkable age of 116 years. He was buried in the old city cemetery, which is now part of Lincoln park.

Coxey and Browne Get a Hearing.

WASHINGTON, June 15.—J. S. Coxey and Carl Browne of the commonweal movement, were granted a hearing by the senate committee on education and labor to advocate their "good roads" bill. They urged the passage of the bill on the ground that if it passed it would provide employment for the idle men of the country. The hearing was not completed and it will be resumed on the 27th inst.

MINERS AT WORK AGAIN

SOME IN PENNSYLVANIA RETURN TO THE MINES.

Their Action Gives an Impetus to All Kinds of Business—Strikers in Ohio Along the Cleveland, Lorain and Wheeling Railroad Holding Out.

PITTSBURG, June 18.—The settlement of the great coal strike and the return to work of 15,000 of the 20,000 miners in this district has given an impetus to all kinds of business, and the situation is more hopeful than at any time for many months. Among the large plants in this city which resumed after long idleness were the Cardon Iron and Steel company's works, Oliver's Twenty-sixth street works, Zug & Co.'s works, Shoenburger's, and Howe, Brown & Co. The latter firm has been shut down two years and started up in full, giving employment to 500 men. The Black Diamond Steel works will also begin operations this week, and the Edgar Thomson Steel works will start as soon as a sufficient supply of coke is received. At McKeesport, everything is quiet, but it is thought the tube works will start up soon, as many of the strikers have express a willingness to return whenever the firm is ready to resume.

Cost of the Strike.

At Scottdale, the Scottdale Iron and Steel company's plant resumed in full, after an idleness of several weeks. A well informed authority in the coal business estimates that the coal strike in this district has cost the miners in wages $1,800,000, taking it for granted that the normal output of the region had been maintained. In proportion to the general output this district mined about one-sixth of the coal dug in the area affected by the strike. With a reasonable proportion between the prices paid in this and other districts, the loss in wages alone, the same authority says, would be over $10,000,000. Estimating the gain of the miners by the settlement of the strike to be 10 cents a ton over former prices, it will take them about one and one-half years to make up by increase of earnings for the time they have lost.

OHIO STRIKERS HOLDING OUT.

Only Two Mines Along the Cleveland, Lorain and Wheeling Resume.

CLEVELAND, June 18.—Reports received from points along the Cleveland, Lorain and Wheeling road show that work was resumed at only two mines on the entire length of the road. These mines were at Rock Hill. In the Massillon district not a man went to work, the miners having decided in massmeeting not to abide by the Columbus agreement. They will hold out for a 15-cent differential over the rate paid in the Hocking valley.

The militia continues to guard all bridges and trestles along the C., L. and W. In conversation with miners at Camp Blee they stated that as long as the differential was withheld not a pick would be raised, and that if scabs were chosen in their stead there would be the biggest riot in the history of the country, and that the militia would be of little consequence to suppress it. The miners in the New Lisbon district returned to work on the basis adopted by the Columbus conference.

Two Strikers Killed.

MASSILLON, O., June 18.—An attempt was made by strikers or their sympathizers to shoot Corporal Sherman of Company K, which is located near Beach City, a few miles south of this place. The corporal was struck by a bullet fired by strikers or their friends, but luckily it hit a brass button on his coat, and flattened out without injury. A number of soldiers chased the men and fired volley after volley, which resulted in the killing of two strikers.

SITUATION IN ILLINOIS.

Strikers at LaSalle, Oglesby and Peru Refuse to Return.

LASALLE, Ills., June 18.—No miners are at work in the mines of LaSalle, Oglesby or Peru and the leaders declare the men will not work unless last year's prices are restored. The coal operators can not pay the prices named by the Springfield convention because they are proportionately higher than those adopted for the Ohio field A passenger train had a narrow escape from being wrecked on the Illinois Central railroad just north of this city. A number of ties had been placed across the track, it is supposed, by striking coal miners, who are angered at the Central for hauling coal over its line. The locomotive struck the obstruction, but did not leave the track. Beyond being severely shaken, the passengers were not injured.

Troops Go to Mount Olive, Ills.

CHICAGO, June 18.—The Seventh regiment, better known as the Hibernian rifles, 520 strong, received orders to proceed at once to Mount Olive, Ills., to assist the sheriff of Macoupin county to preserve order and prevent riot. They were on the way in a few hours.

LITCHFIELD, Ills., June 18.—The state militia and a force of United States marshals left here for Mount Olive to quell the trouble among the striking miners. A riot is feared.

VICTIMS OF FIRE DAMP.

More Than One Hundred and Fifty Miners Killed by an Explosion.

TROPPAU, Austrian Silesia, June 15.—A terrible disaster, involving great loss of life, is reported from Karnow. An explosion of fire damp has taken place in the Johann and Franziska mines at that place. More than one hundred and fifty miners are said to have been killed. Both the mines were on fire when the dispatch was sent. The ventilator shafts were destroyed and the fire was spreading in all directions. The Johann and Franziska mines are owned by Count von Larisch.

The official report places the number of killed at 180, with 20 per cent. fatally injured. The rescue party which perished was composed of ten persons. Fourteen bodies have already been recovered. There were five distinct explosions. The galleries of the mines are still on fire and it is believed that the majority of the bodies of the killed will be consumed.

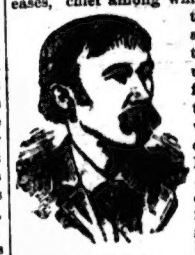
Explosion and Fire.

SCRANTON, Pa., June 18.—The large clothing store of Davis & Griffin was destroyed by fire. A leaking gas pipe filled the building with gas which ignited from a burning jet and caused a terrific explosion, blowing out the end of the building. The entire establishment was a mass of flames a minute later and was completely destroyed. Loss, $50,000; insurance, $40,000.

WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS DEAD.

Pneumonia Complicated with Other Diseases Caused the End.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J., June 18.—The death of William Walter Phelps, who passed away at his home here, was caused by pneumonia, complicated with other diseases, chief among which was consumption. Two years ago, while minister to Berlin, he underwent a painful operation, from the effects of which he never recovered. Mr. Phelps was a scion of one of the oldest New England families. He was graduated with honor at Yale in 1860, and then took the course at Columbia college law school, gaining the valedictory address in 1863. He at once entered on the practice of his profession, became counsel for some prominent corporations, declined a judgeship offered him by Governor Fenton, and then, in 1869, on the death of his father, devoted himself to the management of the large estate which he inherited. This included an extensive tract of real estate near Hackensack, in New Jersey. In 1872 he was elected to congress as a Republican from the Fifth district of this state.



W. W. PHELPS.

He soon became prominent in debate and was a member, with Messrs. Foster and Potter of the New Orleans investigating commission. He was beaten by seven votes in 1874 for re-election to congress. In 1880 and 1884 he was a delegate at large from New Jersey to the Republican presidential convention, and was an earnest supporter of Mr. Blaine. In Blaine's first term as secretary of state, in 1881, he was sent as minister to Austria, but resigned after President Garfield's death, and then was elected and re-elected to congress in 1882, 1884 and 1886. Next he was prominent in public life as an American member of the Samoan commission in Berlin, and the diplomatic qualities he exhibited in securing a settlement of that vexed question were a large factor in his selection in 1889 as minister to Germany, after the senate had rejected the nomination of Murat Halstead. Mr. Phelps leaves an estate valued at about $10,000,000.

WIMAN FOUND GUILTY.

The Jury Recommends Him to the Mercy of the Judge.

NEW YORK, June 15.—Erastus Wiman was cross-examined for half an hour as to the charge of forgery in the second degree, under which he has been on trial. After it had been concluded several witnesses testified to his previous good character, and the taking of testimony was concluded. Then General Tracy addressed the jury in behalf of the defendant. The main plea was absence of criminal intent. He also asked the jury to consider the value of Mr. Wiman's services in building up the Dun mercantile agency, and the fact, as alleged, that he was a partner in the agency, with powers equal to those of Mr. Dun himself.

General Tracy accused the prosecution of violating confidential communications in order to punish Mr. Wiman. Assistant District Attorney Welman summed up for the prosecution. He argued that Wiman's whole course was contrary to the ethics of business and that his conduct from the moment the disclosure was made had been that of a man detected in a crime. At the conclusion of Mr. Welman's address the court took a recess. Upon the reconvening of court Judge Ingraham charged the jury. As to the indorsement of the Bullinger check by Mr. Wiman, the court held that the act was clearly criminal within the intent of the law. In other points the charge of the judge was adverse to the defendant.

The case went to the jury at 3:15. In a short time a verdict of guilty was returned with a recommendation to mercy.

LORD COLERIDGE DEAD.

The Chief Justice of England Passes Painlessly Away.

LONDON, June 15.—John Duke Coleridge lord chief justice of England and Baron Coleridge, is dead. He became unconscious a few hours before his death, which was painless. His son Bernard will succeed him in the peerage.

Lord Coleridge comes of a distinguished line of lawyers and authors. He is descended from Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the poet. His father, Sir John Taylor Coleridge, was second only to his son in honors and distinctions. Lord Coleridge was born in 1821, educated at Eton and Oxford, called to the bar in 1846, and soon became leader of the western circuit. He was made queen's counsel in 1861, solicitor general in Gladstone's cabinet in 1868, and attorney general in 1873.

In November, 1873, he was made lord chief justice and elevated to the peerage as Barrn Coleridge of Attery-St. Mary's. In 1846 his lordship married Jane Fortescue, third daughter of the Rev. George Turner Seymour, Isle of Wight, by whom he had three sons and one daughter. In 1876 he married Mary Alethea, daughter of the Rev. J. F. Mackarness, bishop of Oxford, a woman thirty-five years younger than himself. Because of nonsupport his lordship was sued by his daughter Mildred a few years ago. After considerable public scandal the case was settled out of court. Lord Coleridge visited the United States in 1884 and was well received. The Bar association of Chicago gave him a banquet at the Grand Pacific.

HAS NO JURISDICTION.

Illinois Supreme Court and the Apportionment Cases.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., June 15.—The supreme court has just decided the two senatorial apportionment cases of Fletcher versus Tuttle, county clerk of Vermilion county, and Blair versus Henrichsen, secretary of state. The decision affirms the judgment of the circuit court of Vermilion and Sangamon counties, where both originated, and dismisses the bills for want of equity and jurisdiction. The decision was voluminous and sustains the position taken by Judge Moran, who made the principal argument for the appellees.

The Miscreant Who Thinks He Loves.

ROLLA, Mo., June 18.—Hugh Bunch, the youngest son of Paul Bunch, a well-known farmer living on Beaver creek, shot to death Miss Ida Gallahorn, a young lady to whom he was engaged to be married, and then committed suicide. Opposition to their marriage on the part of Miss Gallahorn's parents caused Bnuch to commit the double crime.

PRAIRIE STATE NOTES.

ITEMS OF INTEREST GATHERED HERE AND THERE.

Telegraphic Reports of Some of the Events Which Have Taken Place in Our Own State and Compiled for Our Own Readers—Illinois News of Interest.

CENTRALIA, Ills., June 15.—Train robbers boarded the Louisville, Evansville and St. Louis, or Air line, train at this place and cleaned the passengers out of what cash they had. There were five robbers in the gang and they boarded the train at the depot. Between that point and the Illinois Central crossing, half a mile south, they knocked what passengers the rear coach contained down and secured their money, taking from one man a $100 bill. Just how much in all they secured has not been learned. There were four small and one heavy set men who did the job. Police are now on the track of them.

Divorce for an Ex-Congressman.

CHICAGO, June 18.—Judge McConnell entered a decree for the complainant in the divorce suit of Ransom W. Dunham against Elizabeth R. Dunham. The decree settles, as far as the lower courts are concerned, the now famous litigation between the ex-congressman and his wife, once a leader in eastern society. In March 1893, Mr. Dunham surprised his less intimate friends by filing suit for divorce against his wife and charging compromising relations between her and Major Allyn, prominent in south side social circles and connected with a city bank.

Resolutions of Sons of America.

MOUNT CARROL, Ills., June 15.—The session of the state P. O. S. of A. passed resolutions affirming their purpose to work more vigorously for a higher and more distinct American nationality and the checking of the foreignism that shows so large a hand in shaping our state and national politics and of demanding a restrictive immigration law that will keep out criminals, paupers and anarchists. Their session was harmonious and enthusiastic and with some short good-bye speeches the camp adjourned to meet next year at Decatur.

Twenty-Three Coxeyites Sentenced.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., June 18.—Twenty-three Coxeyites arrested at Fairfield, Wayne county, for capturing a fast freight train of the Louisville, Evansville and St. Louis railroad, appeared before Judge Allen in the United States court and each pleaded not guilty to the charge of contempt of court in interfering with the property of the road in possession of the United States court. Each man had a separate trial and each was found guilty and sentenced to sixty days in the county jail.

Murder at a Wedding.

JOLIET, Ills., June 18.—A party of Italians were drinking at a wedding celebration at Suffernville when John McCary thought he was slighted and called the crowd outside, asking for a fight. When they reached the street he shot Alrado Nemo, killing him instantly. He next shot Galileo Marco, wounding him so that he died in thirty minutes. The crowd then nearly killed McCary, but he was finally lodged in jail.

Connolly to Run Against Springer.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., June 18.—The Republican convention for the Seventh district nominated Major James A. Connolly, of Springfield, for congress. Connolly was defeated by Springer in 1886 and was Governor Fifer's most formidable opponent for the nomination for governor in the convention of 1888.

He Worked with Owen Lovejoy.

PRINCETON, Ills., June 19.—John Walters, one of the first settlers of this county, died here, aged 82. He was a noted abolitionist and a co-worker of Owen G. Lovejoy in the underground railroad work.

SHE LOST HER HEAD.

Woman Throws Her Babe from a Window and Leaps After It.

BROOKLYN, June 18.—A thrilling scene was witnessed by the crowd that gathered at Thatford street and Dumont avenue. A gas stove exploded in Nathan Gilson's house, at that point, and started a blaze, which threatened to spread. The excitement which followed the cries of "Fire" startled Mrs. Gussie Krausch, who lived on the third floor of the adjoining house. Seizing her infant, she started to jump to the street, but for a time was prevented by the spectators, who assured her there was no danger.

Their warning proved futile. The bewildered woman lifted the infant out of the window and dropped it to the street below. The child was saved from death by a fireman who caught it in his arms. Mrs. Krausch then sprang from the window. Three firemen tried to catch her, but they failed and she struck the sidewalk heavily. She was picked up unconscious. An ambulance surgeon said she was suffering from severe internal injuries. The fire was put out in a few minutes.

Oleomargarine Law Violated.

WASHINGTON, June 18.—The treasury officials are in almost daily receipt of information showing that the law of Aug. 2, 1888, as to the sale of oleomargarine is being violated by dealers in all parts of the country. These violations consist principally in selling oleomargarine at retail in packages not properly marked and branded, and in offering it for sale after it had been removed from the original stamped packages. Steps are being taken by the officials to punish every violation of this act that they may discover.

Five Thousand Mile Tickets.

WASHINGTON, June 18.—Congressman Durborow favorably reported to the house from the interstate committee Representative Raynor's bill to permit railroads to sell interchangeable 5,000 mile tickets. He asked unanimous consent for its immediate consideration and made a speech, explaining the provisions of the bill, the passage of which was greatly desired, especially by the commercial travelers' associations of the country. Thereupon the bill was unanimously passed.

Landis Will Accept.

DELPHI, Ind., June 18.—Three weeks ago Charles B. Landis, editor of The Journal of this city, was nominated for congress by the Republicans at a convention held at Hammond. There has been some doubt as to whether he would accept the nomination, but Mr. Landis announced to his friends that he had fully made up his mind to accept and will write a letter accepting.

CONDENSED NEWS.

History of the Week Given in Brief Paragraphs.

Mrs. George Zimmerman committed suicide at Decatur, Ind., by taking morphine. She had been a bride two months.

John J. Reaser, a justice of the peace at Bloomfield, Tex., was assassinated by Joe Harrington, his nephew.

John Southall, an Indianapolis negro, and Delia McMinny, a white woman of Terre Haute, Ind., were married in Marshall, Ills.

Kelsey's industrials, who are camped near Burlington, Ia., refuse to leave.

Deputy United States marshals guarding the Santa Fe road found an anarchistic placard at Toluca, Ills., threatening the road.

William Slingerland shot Policeman Steele in Ottumwa, Ia. The officer tried to prevent Slingerland from beating his wife.

Riotous meetings, caused by protests against the land tax, are reported from the Island of Crete.

Five women, including a member of the Salvation Army, were suffocated in bed at Glasgow by escaping gas.

* * *

News has reached Port Townsend, Wash., of the capture of the Canadian sealing schooner Volunteer by the cruiser Mohican after an exciting chase. The Volunteer surrendered only after the guns of the warship had been trained on it and cannonading seemed inevitable.

No papers have yet been received by the state department touching S. F. Kizeminski of Buffalo, said to have been exiled to the salt mines of Siberia. If the facts are as reported, prompt action will be taken to secure from Russia justice for the prisoner.

The steamship Faraday has left Woolwich with 1,600 miles of the deep sea cable which is to connect the buoyed end of the new commercial cable between Ireland and Nova Scotia.

Margaret Brown, a wealthy woman of Springfield, O., was adjudged insane, due to worrying over her inability to collect rents.

H. F. Wilkie has been captured at Columbus, Miss., charged with swindling building and loan companies at Bloomington, Ills., and Indianapolis.

A socialist club and other socialists' resorts in Athens have been raided by the police. Many arrests have been made.

* * *

Michael Stanton of Portsmouth, O., was elected president of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of that state.

President James C. Welling of Columbian university, Washington, has retired after twenty-three years of indefatigable service.

The wholesale millinery establishment of Ammon Stevens & Co., Cleveland, O., was closed on an execution for a claim for $25,000.

Charles Brown was fatally injured near Arcola, Ills., by a blow from a monkey wrench in the hands of John Morton, his son-in-law.

The annual conference of the United Norwegian Lutheran church of America met at St. Paul. The opening sermon was preached by N. J. Kildalh of Chicago.

Fred Raeber's face and neck were filled with bird shot by his father-in-law at Staunton, Ills. Raeber's wife had left him and he threatened to exterminate the family.

* * *

It is believed the house will refuse to accept the senate tariff bill when the amended measure comes back.

Deputy City Collector William P. Welch while fishing in the reservoir at Lexington, Ky., fell in and was drowned.

Adam S. Bring, a farmer of South Omaha, was robbed at Plainfield, N. J., of $900 by green goods men.

Louis Collier of Ainsboro, Ills., was stabbed and fatally wounded by a boy named Trailer. Collier was fighting with Trailer's father.

The jury in the Werner murder case at Primghar, Ia., found the accused guilty of manslaughter.

Rev. S. M. Hathorne, Populist candidate for congress in Indiana, demands $1,000 before he will enter the race.

Lot Brown of Chigago was elected secretary of the National Association of Freight Agents.

Charles Mills, 3 years old, of Vandalia, Ills., swallowed carbolic acid and died a few minutes later.

The Democratic congressional convention for the Eleventh Indiana district will be held at Decatur June 28.

* * *

Science is a favorite pursuit in modern college study. Over 100 Vassar girls in one class alone have chosen a course in biology.

There has been a heavy snowstorm in Brazil in the Cordilleras and many persons have perished.

Banki Matsuki, a Japanese educated in this country, married a Miss Martha Putnam Meacam of Salem, Mass.

George McClish, a bridge gang foreman on the Big Four, has been awarded in an Indiana court $2,500 for injuries received at Fall Creek bridge, Sept. 30, 1893.

Patrolman Lon Pence of Anderson, Ind., has been acquitted of the charge of shooting Will Cook, a young man who assailed him one week ago with a base ball bat.

Mrs. Longley of Providence, R. I., is the first woman to insure her life for $100,000. She obtained her policies after proving that she was not in the habit of discussing the suffrage question.

My Health is Solid

As a duck's foot in the mud, thanks to Hood's Sarsaparilla. I was formerly in a wretched condition, with **Gravel** and **Indigestion**. I paid one physician $42 for attendance and medicines, which gave no relief. I gave up hope of ever being well, and just walked about to save **funeral expenses**. Couldn't eat a thing that would stay on my stomach. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and found it did me good. So I kept on till I have taken fourteen bottles and I am perfectly

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

cured. All symptoms of gravel have disappeared and I have no indigestion." FREDK. EARNFRED, 64 So. Carpenter St., Chicago, Ill.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, sick headache. 25c.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XI.

MR. WATKINS' NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

When I got home, I went straight into my office by myself, locked the door, cut open the cord which bound the mouth of the bladder, ripped the skin up carefully, or as carefully as I could with my penknife, and from the interior took out half a sheet of note paper. On one side was writing in ink. It was the conclusion of a letter of no importance; indeed it was a tradesman's letter and signed John Costello, a musical instrument merchant in our country town. On the other side were characters in red, written with some blunt instrument like the pointed end of a match or bit of timber, and at the foot of the writing, in larger letters, were two names—viz, "John Freeman, Edward Freeman"—each name in different handwriting and representing the signatures of the lads, which I knew. The body of the red writing was Edward Freeman's. It was to the following effect:

We are here at the bottom of the "Devil's Parlor." There is a way right down to us. Most of Charley's loaves have come down to us. We came in by the square hole high up in the sea cliff. Both well. JOHN FREEMAN.
EDWARD FREEMAN.

By the "square hole!" The piast's hole! Who could have thought it? The little black spot far away up in the face of the sea cliff.

The murder was out; all was known. Thrusting the letter into my pocket, I rushed at the door like a madman, and forgetting that I had locked it myself thundered upon it with my fist, roaring:

"Saddle Gray Francy!"—it was the name of my fastest horse—"Saddle Gray Francy!" I kept shrieking.

The boys, who were all the time in the passage outside my door, clamored in reply. One of them seemed to run off into the yard shrieking out my message. My wife and the servants ran to the door of the office. In short, it seemed as if the whole household had gone suddenly mad. Of course what I describe here took only a few seconds to pass. I opened the door and rushed along the passage, not caring whom I threw down; through the kitchen, out into the yard and straight to the stable I ran. There already my orderly and Joseph, working as for life and death, were saddling and bridling Gray Francy. In another moment I was on his back, without my hat, and tearing down the avenue and then along the road which led to the rectory. I was aware of people standing here and there with scared faces, but little I cared for that. Since I was born I was never so mad as that day, nor if I live for a thousand years could I be so again. I took Francy at a leap over the avenue gate of the rectory and galloped up to the house, shouting as I did so:

"They are found!"

The avenue is a short one. My voice could have been heard from the gate in every room of the house, and was. No commander in the hottest moment of battle ever roared to his men as I did that day as I galloped up to Mr. Freeman's hall door. Every one there knew the significance of my wild shoutings. "They are found!" could refer only to the two lost ones. Mrs. Freeman rushed from the hall door before I reached it. She raised her hands to the sky as if in prayer; then sank on her knees and fell forward. The boy Charley came after and then the servants. After all came Mr. Freeman, his face as white as paper, but his manner calm and collected. Through the wood and shrubbery several men came rushing and tumbling and behind me up the avenue others who had followed me along the road. In a few words I told Mr. Freeman all.

"Have you the letter?" he said.

When I showed it to him, he looked down first at the signatures, then read the letter and handed it back to me without a word, but the look that was in his face, What pen could interpret? Certainly not mine. I did not wait an instant longer, but galloped back straight to my own house. I had recovered my self possession after this wild debauch of the reason. On the way I met the boys and the orderly and after that three of my men wearing their usual cast iron expression and striding quietly in the direction taken by their insane officer. Indeed I am much too excitable to command a force whose gravity would put the Spaniard to shame. As it was now drawing toward dusk and various preparations and arrangements had to be made, I postponed the descent till next morning. I procured ropes that night from the village. I sent for a man now a farm laborer in the neighborhood, but who I knew had formerly worked in mines in Cornwall, and consulted him about the best means of descent. He went from me to the forge of our village blacksmith, who, under his directions, made that night a sort of iron stirrup to be attached to the rope's end. I set the boys to make torches of splintered bogwood. Harry, however, who was ingenious, provided besides sods of turf soaked in paraffin oil. These, stuck on the ends of skewers, he assured me, would make a grand blaze. We tried one and found it excellent. The news flew like wildfire over the country, and those who held by the piast theory were put to shame. Crowds of people came about the house till the nuisance reached such dimensions that I ordered my men to clear them away, which they did with difficulty. The public houses in Dun-Beacon were full that night, and the publicans did a roaring trade. I nominated the men who were to proceed with me in the morning to the "Devil's Parlor" and ordered them to be in readiness an hour before dawn and strictly commanded them to tell no one.

I did not go to bed at all that night, though I may have dozed a little by the office fire. At 5 I woke up the boys. At 6 my party, and none but my party, being assembled, we started, well provided with strong ropes, candles, torches, paraffin steeped turnes, lucifer matches, etc. I had with me, too, a flask of brandy and sandwiches. I did not know in what exhausted condition I might find the lost. They said indeed "we are well," but nevertheless— One of the men in my party had formerly accompanied Edward Freeman when he made that abortive descent and had found nothing but Charley's loaves. It was quite plain now that from the entrance there were two ways leading down—one a blind alley ending in the small chamber, the other conducting into some great subterranean cavern to which there were two openings, one here on the hillside, the other the square opening in the sea cliff—viz, the hole out of which Crohoor-beg's imaginary piast had projected itself in that very remarkable and terrible manner when he devoured the Lau-beg men. Arrived at the spot, we finished our preparations and waited for the light, for it was still dark. It was not raining, but the weather was wild, and a strong gale blew from the west. I had the man who had been with Edward Freeman show me the place where he had made the descent. Avoiding this, I put my foot in the stirrup and bade them lower away. I had round my neck fastened by a strap a bag containing half a dozen of Joseph's peculiar torches, and in my hands, which clasped both it and the rope, a skewer to serve as a handle for those torches. For a short time I had to keep myself away from the rock with my second foot, that which was not in the stirrup. Presently I felt myself swinging in midair in black darkness and certainly in some vast hollow. In a few minutes more I would be clasping the hands of the poor lost lads. Then I shouted. Vast hollow echoes and reverberations traveling through what seemed interminable spaces and endless galleries responded to my shout—echoes and reverberations and nothing else. That surprised me—but did not much surprise me. The cavern was plainly enormous, and there were faraway winding corridors into which my voice might not travel. Moreover, the boys might be and probably were asleep. "We will soon find them and wake them up," I said. I continued at intervals to shout, "Jack!" "Ned!" and as loudly as I could roar. Still there came no response but the huge echoes which now sounded in my ears like the laughter and mockery of subterranean giants. Whether I was descending or not I could not tell. Above me it was as dark as below, and of course I had long since ceased to hear the voices of those at the cave's mouth and the running of the rope over the block of timber which my miner had laid on the edge of the precipice. No doubt I was descending, but for all I could feel and perceive I might be fixed and stationary in the darkness or even descending. The minutes now began to seem like hours. Would I ever reach the bottom of this awful abyss, and to think that those pleasant young friends of mine, so gay, bright and good natured, so full of life, vigor and activity, should be immured here, one of them for many months. Again and again I shouted, "Jack!" "Ned!" "Ned!" "Jack!" "Are you there?" "Halloa!" "Halloa!" and still no sound reached my ears but mocking laughter and supernatural echoes which seemed to grow greater as I descended and rolled like thunder round the cavern.

At last I heard a sharp click under my feet and experienced a soft shock. I was on the bottom. The click was the noise of my iron stirrup striking on a rock or stone. Still keeping my foot in the stirrup, I threw off my bag of turnes, opened it, stuck one on the point of my skewer, struck a match and ignited the torch. It sent out a good blaze, but revealed where I stood nothing but great bowlders and on one side the walls of the cavern rising sheer and black. I gave the preconcerted signal, two strong jerks at the rope, which was at once drawn up. The rope and stirrup looked very curious dangling there above my head as they disappeared into the thick and black darkness. I continued to shout at intervals, but eventually desisted until the coming of my assistants. Either the Freemans were sound asleep or were in some far gallery of the cavern beyond the reach of my voice, or they were now—terrible thought!—beyond the reach of human help, and we were too late, perhaps only a few hours too late.

The next to descend was my head constable; then in succession the two boys, Harry and Joseph, then my orderly and last a subconstable named Mulvaney. These and no more I had permitted to descend. I had the orderly remain with the rope and keep his torch burning there. All together now we raised our voices and shouted as loud as we could bawl and did so again and again. Save the echoes, now grown more vast and appalling, there was no response. I was becoming more and more alarmed. If the boys were alive, they must have heard that shout. The part of the cavern in which we found ourselves seemed to be a long and not very wide gallery. We explored this to the end, and as we had plenty of

We explored this to the end.

torches the whole floor of the gallery was brilliantly illuminated. Not a thing out of the common could escape our notice here. We came to the end of it, turned back, passed the orderly where he stood beside the rope with his torch burning in his hand, and after awhile found ourselves in a much vaster space, the roof of which even the combined light of our torches did not reveal at all. On one side of this space there was a pool of agitated water, to which the floor of the cavern sloped rapidly. In its vicinity and running somewhat in the same direction as that which we had already explored ran another great gallery, the roof of which we could see. This also we now explored yard by yard, scrutinizing the floor carefully as we went. Unlike the other, which ended in a mere wall of rock, this gallery ended in a great pool or pit of madly boiling water. We returned to that great central space from which these galleries branched and explored it foot by foot. Here we made the first discovery. It was my nephew, Harry, who made it—viz, traces of a fire. On a level rock not only were there all the signs of a hearth, but in its vicinity an enormous heap of ashes. It was plain that this fire had been burning many months. After the excitement which attended this discovery and the consultation which succeeded it we moved forward. In short, we explored step by step and foot by foot every portion of the cave up to the entrance in the sea cliff by which they had come in without finding the lost ones. We discovered many traces of them—bones of the sheep from which the bladder had been extracted, crumbs of bread near that hearth place and other signs and tokens; but, alive or dead, the Freemans were not there. We learned, too, how they had been trapped, how having got in they were not able to get out again, and also indications of their pathetic efforts to climb out of their trap. Many signs and tokens of the recent presence of the brothers and especially of the long continued residence there of poor John Freeman we found, but not what we wanted to find—not themselves. Again and again we searched the vast cavern through and through, expecting now only to find their bodies sunk in some cleft of the great bowlders with which the cavern seemed filled, but our search was vain. As our investigations became closer and more minute we discovered various other relics and signs of the presence of the brothers, but neither their bodies nor any opening into which they might have fallen. True, they might have died on the edge of that pool which evidently communicated with the sea by some passage, for the water there ebbed and flowed; they might have died in its verge and their bodies afterward floated away on the rising tide and been born through that passage. Again they might have committed suicide by throwing themselves into that boiling chasm in which the second of those galleries to which I have referred terminated, a chasm like a huge caldron of madly seething waters. Yet there was something quite absurd and incredible in both theories. When they wrote that letter and signed it, they were in good health and had plenty of food. That they had plenty of good food we knew as well from their letter as from its presence in the cavern, for we discovered their storehouse—a cranny between two bowlders in which were bread and pieces of salted mutton. It was easy to see, too, how that mutton had been procured. Hard by were the bones of a sheep from which the flesh had been stripped. The sheep had evidently been clifted, to use a local expression—that is to say, had fallen from above through the opening into the cavern. We did not disturb that little magazine. Indeed we added to it, leaving there the whole supply of sandwiches which I had brought with me for the use of my party. The flask of brandy I laid there too. The whole affair of the disappearance of the brothers was so extraordinary and surprising I believed it might eventuate in new and still more extraordinary developments. In presence of this mystery I could now believe in anything. I will not trouble you with an account of our consultations, theories and guesses. Enough to say that after having spent six or seven hours in that cavern we came up again into daylight, not wiser, but sadder men. By this time a huge crowd of people was assembled on the hillside, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman and the little boy Charley among them. I was the last to ascend. I hoped that they might have taken their departure before my arrival, but they had not, and I had the misery, and intense misery it was, of explaining to them the nature and extent of our explorations and our vain discoveries. I shall never forget the faces of the bereaved parents as I bade them adieu. As I was parting from them the little boy tugged me by the coat.

"What is it, Charley?" I said.

"I am glad you left those things in their storehouse," he answered. "Something told you they are there still and alive. Something tells me the same."

I started and looked at him, but turned again at once and walked away. Something had not told me they were there. Yet indeed, if I had not deposited the basket of sandwiches in that cranny to be eaten by the lost brothers and that flask of brandy to be drunk by them, why did I leave those things? The little boy was right before. He knew that his brother John was at the bottom of the "Devil's Parlor." Might he not be right now? I turned round once more. He was standing in the same place looking after me. His parents were now at some distance, Mrs. Freeman leaning heavily on the arm of her husband and apparently weeping.

"I shall try again, Charley," I called out.

He nodded approvingly and darted away after his parents with an animation and cheerfulness which surprised me.

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings," I murmured to myself as I walked home.

I spent all that night strictly by myself pondering over the extraordinary events of the day. It is now daylight. I have spent the last two hours in writing the official account and this private one. Farewell.

* * * * * *

I have just returned from a second exploration of this mysterious cavern as close and as minute as the first. The loaves which Charley Freeman threw down recently have not been touched, nor the articles which I placed in the cranny. Saw a seal in one of the pools. I am almost mad with excitement.

* * * * * *

Have explored the cave for the third time. The flask is gone, the sandwich basket opened. Some of the contents have been eaten or taken away. No sign of the brothers. I am confounded. I have left men in the cavern and shall keep them there in permanence. The suspense is terrible. I am returning to the cave myself. Send this after post car by orderly.

SAMUEL WATKINS.

CHAPTER XII.

JOHN FREEMAN'S NARRATIVE.

I leave the account of the search for John and Edward Freeman and go back to the day when John Freeman was fishing at Dhu-Corrig. His narrative of what befell him on that day and the incidents of his subsequent life till found I give verbatim as he wrote it:

It was 3:30 when I reached Dhu-Corrig. I fished for a good while without even a bite. A boat which was locally known as the Old Rake rowed past me. The men in it were going to a noted "bream rough" some miles farther up the coast. I hailed them as they passed. I continued fishing for about half an hour after this without success. Then I wearied of the task and began to cast about for something to do till sunset, at which time the pollock would begin to take—a fish that gives good sport. I thought of exploring the cliffs which lay eastward from Dhu-Corrig. When last I had clambered along these cliffs, I was stopped by a gap across which I feared to spring lest I should not be able to return. That was two summers since. I wished to see whether it looked as formidable to me now as it did then. The only real object of interest in these cliffs was a small square aperture at a great height from the water. I had often noticed this aperture, which from below looked only a little square black spot. No one in the neighborhood knew anything about it. But once while out with an ancient fisherman from one of the adjoining islands I was told by him that it was the mouth of a haunted cave and that it was unlucky to have anything to do with it. Indeed it was difficult to see how a person could come at it at all, for it was quite unattainable from the sea or from any other side, so sheer and smooth seemed the cliff in which it was situated. This old fisherman called it Curry's Window and spoke of Curry as a great smuggler. Curry, he said, was so active that he would take a barrel of rum under one arm and a barrel under the other, and, though weighted so, spring from the deck of his schooner and fly clean through the aperture into the cave. When I made some chaffing remark about the old smuggler's extraordinary activity, he only said Curry was known to be "a clever man," and no more would he say. I asked about Curry on another occasion, but he not only refused to add anything, but rather angrily denied that he had spoken to me about Curry at all. All this naturally excited my curiosity. Knowing that I was much larger and stronger than when I last made the attempt, I resolved to try again. I easily reached the gap to which I refer. Here there was a split in the cliff reaching down to the sea. Far below in the darkness the sullen waters were murmuring. At the other side there was a good foothold, but it was decidedly lower than the point from which one would have to spring in order to reach it. Consequently the return leap would be far more difficult, and it was this as well as the horrible depths below and the gulping and gurgling of the dark waters which had daunted me before. I perceived now that it was really no such wonderful leap, after all, and surprised at my poltroonery on the former occasion I sprang over and then sprang back again with comparative ease. After this proof of my prowess I resolved to forego the rest of the exploration till next day, intending to bring my brother Ned with me. Though two years younger, he was a better leaper than myself, being slight and long legged, whereas I was made rather for strength than activity. My evil genius, however, led me on, as did the thought of the two hours yet wanting till sunset and the time when pollock would begin to rise. The exploration did not indeed promise much, for the cliff as seen from Dhu-Corrig as well as from the sea seemed one sheer unbroken wall of rock apparently offering no foothold to any creature less prehensile than a fly. Yet immediately before me there was a very narrow traversable ledge. In traversing this I saw it would be an advantage to have my rod with me in order to steady my footsteps. I returned for it to Dhu-Corrig and a third time cleared the chasm and presently encountered a piece of cliff, walking which could not possibly have been managed without such aid. There was a ledge indeed, but the cliff above it was so sheer, or rather inclined forward so much, that some slight support on the seaward side was necessary in order to get along here. The iron spike at the end of the rod supplied a good rest for me as I went. Passing this dangerous point, I was delighted to find that the cliff was still traversable, though with difficulty, and I had frequently to crawl. Yet I continued to get forward, forward, and also upward, ever upward. In this manner I progressed about a mile, not knowing whither that traversable ragged ledge led me, but hoping it might be to Curry's Window. As my progress was slow I would upon ordinary evenings have been perceived by some passing boat, but the people were at this time very busy about hay, and the Old Rake was the only one which on this unlucky evening had put forth from our little harbor, the Basin, as we used to call it. Eventually I found myself all of a sudden looking into a considerable cave in the cliff side, Curry's Window, as I plainly perceived. I was surprised to find it so large and also find that it was not square, but irregularly arched. I used to think that the famous smuggler would have found a difficulty in rolling even one barrel at a time through the aperture. The delusive appearance of perfect squareness had of course been caused by distance, for the aperture was very high up in the cliff. It, however, resembled a window in this respect, that the sill, so to speak, was perfectly smooth, flat and horizontal as if the work of man's hands. The rest of the aperture was very jagged and ragged. I also saw that the rock in the inside was smooth and sloped away from the sill at an angle of 45 degrees or thereabout. The sun had now to round the shoulder of the hill whose base was supplied by their cliffs; consequently I could see little or nothing of the interior of the cave, but thought that I could perceive the bottom at a short distance. I pushed the butt end of the fishing rod before me and found that this was so. There, about six feet below me, was the bottom of the incline and apparently the floor of the cave.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HE BURNED A DIAMOND.

It Was Merely to Demonstrate That the Gem Was Inflammable.

How would you like to burn a two carat diamond merely for the sake of demonstrating a fact in science? Professor Henry Miles George of London did that very thing two years ago.

"What I did was not a new experiment," said the professor, "and was made at the request of a wealthy young countryman of mine who believed that he was born to be a scientist. Whether he was or not is neither here nor there. His first experiment was costly.

"He wanted to satisfy himself that the diamond possessed an inflammable quality, and that after being burned it left no residue. We burned the stone in my laboratory and to the young man's complete satisfaction. After it was consumed there was absolutely no ash. The combustion was complete, and there was an absolute although expensive proof that the diamond consists of pure carbon.

"The inflammability of the diamond," continued Professor George, "was not known till the middle of the seventeenth century. The ancients were firmly convinced that a diamond could not either be burned or broken. This was disproved in 1670 or thereabouts, when a four carat stone was consumed in the flame of a blowpipe. I think it was in Rome. The Grand Duke of Florence, in 1694, thought that fire would reveal the secret of the diamond's composition, and he caused a stone to be placed under the focus of concentrated sun rays. The diamond cracked, coruscated and disappeared. These experiments, as you will readily understand, are not made very frequently. In the interest of science they have been necessary, but as we have a very complete record of the results in several experiments and they all agree there is no necessity for any further expenditure of money in that particular direction. No, I don't think my young friend became a scientist. He married a music hall singer."—New York Mail and Express.

Hard on the Canary.

A little West Somerville girl was punished one day for something she had done which she was told not to do.

While her eyes were wet with tears she demanded of her mother, with a pout, "Well, who told you?"

"Oh, a little bird told me."

As the mother left the room she heard the child turn toward the innocent canary which hung in a cage near the window and with infantile spite say, "Mean old tattle tale, tattle tale!"

The "little bird" story worked well that time surely.—Somerville Journal.

His Sole Regret.

"You are not afraid to die, are you?" asked the weeping watcher by the bedside.

"No," whispered the chronic kicker, "but it does worry me to think that I shall soon be with the silent majority, when all of my life I have so enjoyed being in the noisy minority."—Indianapolis Journal.

Some of the bricks found in Babylon invariably the stamps upon their surface are of at least 5,000 years. The art of brick making was well developed at that time, for no bricks are better than these.

Young, ticket and passenger agent of the Santa Fe at St. Joseph, Mo., committed suicide by taking poison. His accounts are straight and the cause is not known.

A FLYING COMEDY.

Tale of an Uncontrollable Wheel, a Frightened Rider and Two Good Samaritans.

It all happened on a South Side avenue.

The shades of night were getting in their work, and the peace of a righteous community was filtering through the atmosphere. Brown and Jones were enjoying their last cigars and conversing on stocks. There is nothing frivolous or flighty about Brown or Jones.

Suddenly there came a swish of feminine skirts, a skurry of a bicycle, and through the darkened air a shrill wail faltered, "Oh, won't you please help me?" Then a bicycle at full tilt sped across the street crossing, and Brown and Jones stared at each other aghast.

"O-o-oh!" half cried the voice of the disappearing rider.

"What in thunder does she want help about?" gasped Jones.

"She wasn't tipping over!" cried Brown.

"Her wheel was all right!"

"No one was pursuing"——

"Help!" floated back to the crossing. With one wild gush of alarm two cigars were flung to destruction, and two reputable citizens went sprinting down Lake avenue. Never since their college days have Jones and Brown made a running record like the one credited to that night's performance, with a movable goal for an object. One block, 2 blocks, 2½, and the fleeing wheel with its sobbing rider came into view.

With an extraordinary spurt, Brown and Jones caught up, grabbed the handle bars and stopped the wild progress of the modern Flying Dutchman.

"What"— began Jones. "How"—gasped Brown, who was stout and unpleasantly conscious of something ridiculous in the whole proceeding.

"Oh!" quivered the feminine rider, who was not young and not fair. "Oh, how can I ever th-thank you! Oh, my goodness, what a scare! I can ride, you know—just learned—but I can't turn around, and I can't mount, and I can't stop my wheel, and I was getting farther away from home every minute, and, oh, dear, what would I have done if"——

Jones coughed. In her excitement the distressed lady was reposing against his shirt front. It was a fresh shirt front, and her act disturbed him.

"Shall we get you started for home?" queried Brown, who always had presence of mind.

"Oh, if you would!" said the distressed lady, and then the two reputable citizens put her on her wheel, turned it around, pushed her half a block and saw her disappear in the darkness, leaving a trail of inarticulate gasps, thanks, protests and exclamations in her wake.

Stillness fell over Lake avenue. Brown and Jones stuffed their handkerchiefs into their collars and looked at each other meditatively. Suddenly Brown went into convulsions. He grabbed Jones' arm.

"How," he stuttered, "how, I say, is that fool woman going to stop when she does get home?"

Then they sat down on the curbstone to recover and incidentally to calculate whether the woman who hadn't learned how to make the wheels stop going round would eventually reach the north pole or be drowned in Lake Superior.

"And yet," Brown says scornfully, when he tells the adventure, "yet some misguided mortals claim that women have sense enough to vote and decide the fate of the nation! Humph!"—Chicago News.

How Moody Made His Money.

"Mr. Moody's money—where does it come from?" some people have asked in connection with his mission work and his pushing of the Northfield schools.

Fabulous sums have been made by successful authors through the publication of their works, but the individual profits of the greatest writer or novelist who ever achieved fame and fortune would be insignificant to what has been derived from a little 6 by 4 book called "Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs," by D. L. Moody, P. P. Bliss and Ira D. Sankey. Millions of hands have turned the pages of this little volume, and millions of voices have rendered praise from it. Publishing firms, both in England and the United States, have made magnificent fortunes from the sale of the work, and the receipts grow larger every year.

The enormous sum of $1,250,000 cash has been paid in royalties to the interests represented by Mr. Moody since the book was first published, 20 years ago. The sale of hymns is said to have reached the wonderful total of 20,000,000 volumes. The price of these books has ranged from 5 cents up to $1.25, but whatever may be the selling price Mr. Moody has received the uniform royalty of 20 per cent.—Boston Record.

Germany's Strict Laws.

In no country is the government more strict than in Germany. If a foreigner wishes to remain in a town for some days, he must take his passport to the police and receive in exchange for it, together with a sixpenny piece, a permit card, which entitles him to remain there for six months. The passport is pigeonholed. If, however, you desire to change your lodging, both you and your landlord must give notice to the police. This system recommends itself not a little, for it prevents pauper immigration.

No German is allowed to leave the country unless he can show he has done the military service required of him. If a man is on the point of starting, he must delay his departure until he gets a passport showing that he is a free man.

A most severe press censorship is exercised, and there is no free press like we know it. Any derogatory remark relating to the sovereign is visited with heavy punishment, and frequently an editor is at a total loss to know why his paper has been seized. Foreign publications are always examined before they are allowed to be circulated, and if there is any criticism reflecting on the laws of the kingdom the paper is confiscated.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, JUNE 23, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"Charley's Aunt."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Charles Frohman's Stock Company.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Tar and Tartar."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—American Extravaganza Co.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE CREDITABLE "IRISH SEVENTH."

The Seventh regiment of the Illinois National Guard, formerly the Hibernian Rifles, was called upon for a turn of duty against turbulent miners at Mt. Olive, Ill., on Sunday. The governor's call to arms, transmitted by Adjutant General Orendorff, reached Lieut-Colonel Kavanagh, commanding in the temporary absence of Colonel Colby, Sunday night—a most unpropitious time for assembling the regiment. Nevertheless, within a few hours, more than half the men were mustered, and shortly after midnight nearly all were ready to start, Col. Colby, who had reached Chicago post haste on receiving the news, included. They reached Mt. Olive early on Monday and soon succeeded in restoring order. Although subjected to much provocation, they, in the words of the United States army officer on the ground, "behaved themselves as coolly as if they were regulars" and quelled the riotous spirit of the crowd by the resolute countenance they displayed from the moment they arrived upon the ground. The leaders of the rioters, who were at first disposed to be irreverent, soon changed their tactics when the stalwart ranks of the Irish regiment deployed in front of them, and about forty of the most disorderly were placed under arrest by the marshal's posse, who were previously powerless to act. Nearly all the daily papers teem with praise of the Seventh, and they are called "brave Irish boys" by some of those who previously had some doubt of their willingness to aid the state in preserving order. In fact, under the administration of Governor Fifer, who should have known better, there was a profound distrust of the Irish soldiery shown, and the Hibernian Rifles, owing to one flimsy excuse or another, did not succeed in being musterd into the service of the State. Governor Altgeld, whatever may be his shortcomings as a statesman, exhibited a liberal spirit toward the Irish military, with the result that the Hibernian Rifles were duly mustered in as the Seventh regiment, which is now a military bulwark of the State. The ardor, the steadiness, the discipline they have displayed in their short campaign of Mt. Olive, which terminated on Wednesday, did more to dispel distrust and bigotry than any amount of argument or historical reference could have done. New generations of men must, like St. Thomas, see before they believe. The Seventh regiment turned out within a small fraction of 600 men at the call of duty, and, in dealing with the irritated and excited working people, displayed a moderation, allied to resolution, which has won universal applause.

From this a moral in what is called loyalty may be drawn. There are people in this country who glorify the American flag in times of peace, but who keep far from its glorious folds in days of doubt and danger. The Irish-American citizens are not as flag-struck as some of their fellow-citizens of other races when lip-loyalty is the only requirement of noisy patriots, but when the flag of the State, or the Nation, is menaced they will be found second to none, as many a hard fought field of the Revolution, 1812, Mexico and the Civil War has proved "in glittering steel and flame." The Irish race is, by nature, a soldier race. It is in the field that the best qualities of the Irish people are displayed—often, unfortunately, in the cause of their deadliest foes. A sad destiny has placed their native country under the hard rule of the one people of the world incapable of bringing out their best characteristics—a people cold, selfish and often cruel, as a political corporation. It would be idle and, indeed, ridiculous to deny that there are very many humane and noble-hearted men and women among the English, in their individual capacity, but, as a corporate body, the British Empire is the basest, bloodiest and most hypocritical power upon the earth. Most of the prejudice that pursues the Irish people in this country is due to the virulence of English abuse, which has found an echo in a certain rabid section of the Anglo-American press. The Seventh regiment deserves the hearty thanks of all Irish-Americans for having confounded the bigots by a demonstration of loyalty and firmness which cannot be gainsaid.

Among the officers who have been particularly mentioned by the newspapers as having borne themselves with spirit and wisdom, are the Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel, Major Carroll, Capt. Hartigan, Capt. Moriarty, Capt. O'Neill, Chaplain Kelly, Assistant Surgeon McNamara, and, in fact, all who were called upon to serve the state at Mt. Olive. The citizen soldiery drawn from the people never produce the friction with the latter which sometimes follows the calling in of stranger forces. The people know that the State militia will avoid the shedding of blood as long as possible, and that only the most overt acts of passionate men can induce them to use their arms against their fellow-citizens. It is well, however, for the lawlessly disposed among the latter to understand that there is a power drawn from among themselves which will compel obedience to American law, no matter who may have to suffer by its enforcement. THE CITIZEN has no sympathy whatever with slave-driving mine bosses, or with exacting tyrants of any calling, but it has just as little with wrong headed working people who resort to uncalled-for violence during the period of prolonged strikes. It is a little remarkable that the most violent strikers in America come from countries of Europe where governmental violence is the order of the day, and where assemblages of the people, for even peaceful purposes, are frequently fired upon by the armed upholders of kingcraft. It is a pity that these disturbers of American peace did not find a mission of turbulence in the countries they came from. There are many abuses that need correction here—particularly in the relations of capital and labor—but lawlessness and destructiveness cannot correct them. The proper place to reform labor conditions in this country is at the polls, and the signs of the times greatly deceive us if that reform is not begun in earnest at the coming November elections, particularly as regards national legislation.

The only relic the regiment brought back from Mt. Olive was a telegraph message sent to Col. Colby by Adjutant General Orendorff. Officers and men are decidedly proud of it, and it is their intention to have it framed. It reads:

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., June 19.—*Col. F. T. Colby, Commanding Seventh Regiment, I. N. G., Mount Olive, Ill.:* The Governor thanks you, your officers and men, for your prompt and efficient service to the State, and for your soldierly behavior. By order of Governor Altgeld.

ALFRED ORENDORFF,
Adjutant-General.

This message followed one directing Col. Colby and his command to return to Chicago. Colonel Colby was much pleased by his men's conduct.

IRELAND HONORS AN AMERICAN.

On the occasion of the recent departure of Mr. J. J. Piatt, American consul, and his gifted wife from Dublin to the United States, the National Literary Society resolved as follows: "That the National Literary Society of Ireland has learned with great regret of the approaching departure of Mr. J. J. Piatt for America. By his presence in an official capacity, the United States seemed, for the first time, to recognize Ireland as one of those countries they were pleased to honor. By his poetry and that of Mrs. Piatt this country was lit by the kindly light of genius. The National Literary Society of Ireland, therefore, begs to tender to Mr. and Mrs. Piatt the expression of its cordial esteem, good wishes, and sincere regret."

The resolution was proposed by the celebrated Irish litterateur, Dr. George Sigerson, and was seconded by W. O'L. Curtis, honorary secretary of the society.

Mr. Piatt in his reply said: "I may claim that our long residence in Ireland has given us a sort of second nativity, and on behalf of Mrs. Piatt and myself I convey our very grateful sense of the high honor conferred upon us by so flattering an expression from a society which bids fair to represent so worthily in the living present the venerable and famous past of Irish literature. I shall always deeply regret that our brief residence in Dublin did not give us an opportunity of closer relations with your society, but it has been our good fortune at least to have become personally associated with a few of its members and to have established such kindly and cordial relations with these as neither time nor transatlantic distance can readily weaken or destroy."

How much better this than the flunkeyism of Bayard and the fulsomeness of Mahan. Yet, we saw no word of it in the press cablegrams. How could we, when Ireland is only a wretched British province? Nobody on this side the water, in the cablegram line, is so poor as do her reverence. "She is down, let us keep her down," is the sentiment of the British sympathizers in America. Well, she may rise again, and then, in the words of the Gallic conqueror to the haughty Roman, Væ Victis: "Woe to the conquered!"

MRS. HELEN SHEDD.

Mrs. Helen Shedd, until lately active in the Women's Reform movement in Chicago and throughout the union, died recently of general debility. She was interred in this city on Monday. Many friends assembled at her late home No. 3223 Forest avenue, to pay the last tribute of respect to one who had been an ardent friend of suffering humanity. Mrs. Shedd was of good New England Revolutionary stock—the daughter of a clergyman—and inherited all the ardent patriotism of her progenitors. Many years ago she became the wife of Mr. Ezra A. Shedd, a prominent business man, with literary and philanthropic tendencies. They worked hand in hand for the good of their fellow-men and women. Mrs. Shedd's labors in the vineyard of reform, which were arduous, finally preyed upon her health, and, almost without warning, her mental and physical condition became serious. The best medical attention that the country could bestow was given her, but in vain. She passed away painlessly, and with consciousness that her duties in this life were performed devotedly and unselfishly to all who needed her aid. Mrs. Shedd, in the days of her strength, was a woman of marked ability—a good and a brave woman, with noble American contempt of power badly used, and the courage to stand by the weak against the strong. Her death leaves her husband entirely bereaved as regards immediate family, because no children blessed the union, which was otherwise a perfect one, even up to the hour of final separation. Mr. Shedd has the sympathy of the many friends who appreciate his manly qualities, and who sorrow with him because the evening of his life must miss the light of his household. THE CITIZEN uses no merely formal words in saying that it sincerely joins with the more immediate friends of Mr. Shedd in mourning the bereavement that has come upon him.

RAISING WHIG WIND.

Every man has a right to his individual opinion on any given secular question, and THE CITIZEN does not feel like challenging either the wisdom or patriotism of those who think proper to uphold what is called the Irish Parliamentary party, in Chicago or elsewhere. We hold, as we have always held, that "moral force" alone can never make Ireland free. Something sterner is required to bring England to terms. And even "moral force" in Ireland is divided against itself. The Parnellites, or Redmondites, as some term them, believe in the policy of the late Irish leader—Independent opposition to all English parties; while the McCarthyites act simply as a tail to the Whig kite. If both factions were united, they might be formidable to English ministries, although how that would ultimately affect the cause of Irish self-government is an open question. We reiterate that we have no faith in unaided moral force, of any kind, as applied to the war of centuries between Great Britain and Ireland. We believe that parliamentary agitation helps to sap the national strength of Ireland and tends strongly toward provincialism. The splendid, sturdy spirit born in Ireland during the Fenian epoch has been supplanted by a weak imitation of O'Connellism. Mr. Parnell had a genius for parliamentary warfare, and he always managed to keep clear of entangling alliances with the Whigs. He always kept them under his thumb, as it were, in which he proved himself more acute than O'Connell, who was twice outwitted by them. They finally destroyed the prestige of that titanic chief, whose brain gave way under the chagrin engendered by their treachery, and whose closing hours, in lucid intervals, were clouded by the memory of his own fatal confidence in the promises of those whom he, in his palmier days, justly termed, "the base, bloody and brutal Whigs."

Now, whatever may be the motives of the M'Carthyites, they appear to be treading fatuitously in the wavering footsteps of O'Connell. They retain Rosebery and the Whigs in power, but we cannot find that they achieve anything for Ireland by their policy. They have not caused the political prisoners to be released. They have not stopped evictions. They have not caused to be passed "measures of amelioration," and have won no "instalments of justice." To what purpose, then, do they retain their seats in parliament? What vista of home rule opens before them? Have the majority of English voters taken Rosebery at his word and declared for that measure? Are they likely to declare for it at the next general election? There, too, stands the house of lords, like a wall of rock, between them and their desires. We confess, look at it as we may, that we can see no practical good to be derived from pursuing the policy of parliamentary agitation. That many of our countrymen think otherwise is exemplified by the fact that some of them have recently subscribed money in aid of the McCarthyite faction. This is by no means a spontaneous movement. It has been under way, so to speak, ever since Edward Blake, from Canada, made his speech at the World's Fair meeting, on Irish Day. Hitherto subscriptions in this city have been raised at public gatherings. This is a new departure—a kind of personal canvass. Those who responded did so generously, the ever patriotic archbishop heading the list. Some of the other subscribers are prominent in business—most of them in politics. Among the subscribers is Mr. Willian Dillon, editor of the *New World* and brother of John Dillon, M.P., a leader of the McCarthyite section of the Irish Parliamentary party. Another prominent subscriber, and treasurer of the Fund, is Mr. Daniel Corkery, who used to be a red-hot Parnellite and "physical force" man. Roger C. Sullivan and Ald. John Powers belong, or belonged, to the same school. Possibly physical force has gone out of fashion in Chicago, or else these gentlemen may have become better instructed in the arts of statesmanship. The little bird from Canada has been here and warbled his song, and lo! the beauty and beneficence of the Aberdeens, the Roseberrys and their like have become manifest to eyes that hitherto looked fondly to the vision of the Green Flag flying over an Irish nation—not quartered, wrong side upside, on the Union Jack of the British "Impire." Mayor Hopkins also appears in the list. It is our belief that his Honor used to be a believer in pikes, blunderbusses and other persuasive weapons in other times, but now he also seems to look to the Union Jack for the deliverance of Ireland.

All these gentlemen, as we have said, are welcome to their opinion. Faith, it has been written, can move mountains, and faith may move the English Whigs to be honest politicians, but we doubt it exceedingly. Meanwhile the subscribers deserve credit for their good intentions. Following is the list up to date:

Most Rev. P. A. Feehan	$200 00	Judge Gibbons	100 00
Hon. John P. Hopkins	200 00	Denis J. Hogan	100 00
John M. Smyth	200 00	Stephen D. Griffin	100 00
Thos F. Keeley	200 00	John S. Cooper	50 00
Judge Goggin	200 00	Joseph S. Martin	50 00
Ald. M. B. Madden	200 00	Frank Kileraine	50 00
Jacob J. Kern	150 00	P. T. Harry	50 00
Ald. Jno M'Gillen	100 00	Wm. J. English	50 00
Hon. Edward T. Noonan	100 00	Edward T. Gleenon	50 00
Judge Thomas A. Moran	100 00	William Dillon	50 00
Ald. John Powers	100 00	Ald. W. F. Mahoney	25 00
A. J. Toolen	100 00	Ald. John Brennan	25 00
Thomas Gahan	100 00	Ald. Jno J. Coughlin	25 00
Thomas Byrne	100 00	Ald. Thos. Carey	25 00
Timothy E. Ryan	100 00	Ald. M. Ryan	25 00
Mortimer J. Scanlan	100 00	Ald. W. D. Kent	25 00
Roger C. Sullivan	100 00	Total	$3,150 00

Mr. Daniel Corkery, the treasurer, is willing to receive any other sums that may be sent for the same purpose. Why don't these gentlemen call a public meeting and find out how the rank and file of the Chicago Irish-Americans feel about the matter?

HERR DOWE'S MIRACLE.

Our European exchanges are filled with accounts of the miraculous Herr Dowe and his impenetrable cuirass. After thoroughly mystifying his native Germany, and petrifying the young Emperor, he has crossed over to London and, on the stage of the Alhambra Theatre, before a large and very appreciative audience, "submitted to the extreme test which he was dissuaded from undergoing on Wednesday week, and was fired at point blank by an expert marksman. The trial was witnessed by a large and enthusiastic audience. Many military men attended. The weapon used was the Lee-Metford, belonging to Capt. J. Dutton Hunt, one of the committee of experts who attested the earliest trials of the cuirass in England. Capt. Hunt was again present, and he handed his rifle—the same which was employed on the first occasion—to Mr. C. F. Lowe, Queen's Prizeman, Westminster Rifles, who himself undertook the task of loading the firearm with cordite ammunition. When Herr Dowe appeared upon the stage there was a solitary hiss, raised, presumably, by way of protest against the supposed danger of the display, but the dissentient sound was drowned in the applause. Still, the audience scarcely seemed to realize the grave risk attending the whole proceedings. Perhaps this was partly due to the confidence inspired by the dexterity of the crack shot, Leon Martin, who in a series of feats had demonstrated his mastery of marksmanship. Among other things, he had shot two eggs off the head of his partner, Western, and at long range from the first circle had disposed of another egg which was also placed on a level with Western's head as he stood with his back to the green baize-covered screen on the stage. The demeanor of Herr Dowe similarly encouraged confidence. He was perfectly cool and collected, and the preliminaries of firing at a log to prove the penetrating power of the rifle having been gone through to the complete satisfaction of the audience, he took his stand, facing Capt. Martin, at the distance of about twelve yards. Upon his breast he wore his cuirass, or thick pad, which wholly covered his dress shirt front. A row of bright buttons gleamed in the centre, and one-third from the bottom of the pad were affixed two cards with red bull's-eyes. Captain Martin aimed about an inch below one of the bull's-eyes, and there were a few seconds of breathless suspense, disturbed only by a woman's hysterical laugh. Then the loud report was heard, and those who watched the cuirass narrowly through opera-glasses detected it tremble slightly as it received the impact of the bullet, but the inventor never winced or gave the faintest indication that he had received a mental or physical shock. He quickly detached the cuirass and pointed out that the inner white side was not perforated. Again he protected himself with it, and once more Mr. Lowe reloaded the rifle carefully and handed it back to the marksman, who stood upon a platform extending from the stage into the auditorium. Another moment of painful suspense, and the second report rang out with precisely similar results. The card was pierced as the other card had been, and the outer covering of the cuirass appeared torn, revealing some lighter colored stuffing, but Herr Dowe was quite unhurt and unmoved. The test of firing at the horse with the cuirass hung to its side was repeated. The animal kicked, loosened the straps, and tossed off the cuirass after it had received the bullet, but the horse was perfectly unharmed. There was an ovation as the act drop fell upon the bowing professor, but he did not take his 'call,' and from first to last did not do anything to increase the dramatic effect of the 'turn.'"

WE are sincerely sorry to have to announce the serious illness of Mr. Daniel Corkery, one of the foremost buisness men of Chicago, and very prominent in Irish-American affairs. He is, at present, confined to his bed, and his physicians fear that a dangerous operation may be necessary to relieve his condition. THE CITIZEN has great respect for Mr. Corkery, and hopes to be able to announce before long his restoration to perfect health.

IT is said that Queen Victoria is a well developed rival of the wife of Socrates when she "gets her dander up," especially after imbibing Scotch "whiskey negus." She will be fifty-seven years on the British throne this week. It would seem to be about time for her to take a rest, but the old gal is still as lively as a cricket—

Wrinkled and old,
And a terrible scold,
And mad with the tiddle-de-dee.

APROPOS of Lord Wolseley's book, says an Irish paper, it should not be forgotten that his new hero, Marlborough, deserted the father of his sister's illegitimate children, to secure the patronage of William of Orange, and ostensibly served the latter and his successors, while privately intriguing with the Stuarts, in view of their possible restoration, a course he pursued for the remainder of his life, although, as his contemporary, John Evelyn, has noted, "Queen Anne has made him a Knight of the Garter and a duke for the success of one campaign," while, in addition to the grand property at Woodstock, he had secured more than £50,000 a year in places and employment, besides a capital sum of £10,000, and was then (December, 1702) extremely desirous that another £5,000 a year should be settled upon him out of the revenues of the postoffice, in augmentation of his income.

NAPOLEON is "all the rage" in Paris again. There was just *one* Napoleon, although there were, and are, a great many Bonapartes. Napoleon was an eagle and left no progeny. The rest of the family have degenerated into sparrow hawks—some of them may, in fact, be likened unto vultures, waiting for the Republic to die in order that they may pick its bones. But the Republic will not die, and the Bonapartes will have to seek elsewhere for empire.

SAYS the *Irish Daily Independent:* "The return just issued by Sir John Hibbert dealing with the financial relations between England, Scotland and Ireland, would be worthy of perusal by experienced political economists in Ireland. Under the heading of total customs, it appears that England will be called upon to contribute £16,009,000; Scotland, £1,961,000; and Ireland, £2,238,000. Under inland revenue the payments are—for England, £19,106,000; Scotland, £6,450,000; Ireland, £5,282,000. The total exchequer revenue for England will be £12,223,000; for Scotland, £1,220,000; and for Ireland, £637,000. The total revenue from taxes is set down for England at £65,160,000; for Scotland at £11,414,000, and for Ireland at £8,952,000. The total sums available for imperial expenditure after the local expenditure has been met is estimated at for England, £81,021,000; Scotland, £10,806,000; Ireland, £7,992,000. Estimated local expenditure in 1894-'95—England, £27,381,000; Scotland, £4,104,000; Ireland, £5,765,000. The balances available for imperial expenditure are set down at—England, £53,640,000; Scotland, £6,702,000; Ireland, £2,226,000. It is hard, however, without minute examination, to arrive at any conclusion about this curious juggling in millions on the part of the treasury in this return."

Death of a '67 Man.

We deeply regret, says an Irish exchange of the 1st inst., to announce the death of M. John Roche, of 31 Lower Ormond quay, Dublin, which took place at his residence about 2 o'clock yesterday. The deceased was a well known figure in Nationalist politics in Dublin for years, and was prominently identified with the '67 movement. He took part in the rising at Tallaght and was shot in the leg on the occasion. He was arrested and taken to the Meath Hospital where the leg had to be amputated. During his stay there and while under the closest police surveillance frequent offers were made to him if he gave information to the government. But Roche could not be bought by British gold, and he treated with all the scorn of an incorruptible Irishman the base proposals to turn traitor on his comrades in the fight. His wife also rendered signal service to the men of '67 during this crisis, and by destroying papers and documents which the sleuth hounds of the government were in search of she saved many an Irishman from all the horrors of penal servitude. Ever since the day on which he received the wound at Tallaght in his country's cause Roche has been in delicate health; but this did not prevent him from giving all the help he could ever since to forward the National movement. Some time since his health, however, completely broke down, and at 2 o'clock yesterday a musket for Ireland passed away to his reward. His death removes another of the old guard, and it will be mourned not only by the comrades of '67 who now survive him, but by every Irish Nationalist who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

ANCIENT ORDER CONVENTION.

The seventeenth regular convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of the State of Illinois met in East St. Louis on Tuesday, June 12, and remained in session until Friday. The reports of officers, especially that of State Delegate Laurence Henely, were very satisfactory, and gave encouragement as to the progress of the A. O. H. in the future. New by laws were drawn up in accordance with the constitution adopted at the national convention held last May at Omaha. The financial condition of the Order was shown to be sound, all obligations having been met, and a considerable sum disbursed in relief.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing term of two years: For State President, John T. Keating, of Chicago; Vice-President, C. Kelly, of Ottawa; State Secretary, Daniel McGlynn of East St. Louis; State Treasurer, James Costello, of Bloomington. The newly elected officers are men well known in Hibernian circles, and it is hoped that under their care the Order will increase and prosper.

WELCOMED TO EAST ST. LOUIS.

[*To the Editor.*]

The manner in which the delegates to the Ancient Order of Hibernian Convention were received in East St. Louis was enough to turn the heads of less sensible men. Picnics, boat excursions, banquets, entertainments, every scheme that the bright minds of brothers McGlynn, Hannafin and Broderick could devise were tried to make the visit to East St. Louis not easily forgotten by those who had the pleasure of participating in the hospitality of a good time in St. Clair county. We may safely assert that the entertainment referred to will not be excelled by any other town which may have the honor of being the host of the A. O. H. convention.

The convention was adjourned on Tuesday to go down the river to Monte Sano where a monster picnic was given, at which, were present over 3000 people. Music, games, dancing, passed the time away, and the visitors, wearied with pleasure, returned in the rapid steamer after enjoying the charming night scene on the Father of Waters, which, even the modest Chicagoans acknowledged could not be equalled on a certain lake known as Lake Michigan. On Wednesday, the ladies' auxiliary took charge of the visitors' wives and friends, and, in carriages, visited all the notable points of St. Louis, Mo., returning at a late hour, to participate in a magnincent banquet tendered the delegates. At 8 o'clock the music hall was filled with a merry gathering, seated around the festive board which was decked in a lavish manner with the choicest flowers, and fairly groaned beneath the weight of good things provided for the guests. The discussion of solid and liquid having abated somewhat, chairman W. P. Broderick rapped for order, and after extending a "Cead Mile Failthe" to all present announced the programme of the evening.

It has been our good fortune to witness many entertainments and sit out programmes of many numbers, but a rarer treat, such as afforded by our friends mentioned above, we have never yet enjoyed, in any town, where it has been the writer's good luck to be present. Music of a strictly national character rendered by rich Irish voices; recitations of a style ennobling, and inspiring orations which sent the blood coursing through one's veins and clenched hands in longing enthusiasm for the day referred to as the dawn of Irish Freedom would brighten the western horizon, and speeches, which for merry satire and caustic wit rivalled any emanating from men whose names are household words in English literature.

County Delegate P. B. Flanagan made an impression on his hearers that time will be slow to efface, and his brothers of Cook county, are proud of his splendid effort, which was equalled only by the magnificent oration of Bro. Daniel McGlynn of St. Clair county, whose word painting brought a panorama of the verdure-clad hills mirrored in the crystal lakes of dear old Ireland, and many an unbidden tear stood trembling on the eyelash while close pressed lips murmured not loud but deep "How long, oh Lord, how long?" The splendid elocution of Master Hannifin and the quaint songs of his brother brought down the house, and both were compelled to respond to an uproarious encore. The entertainment lasted until a late hour, but seemed too short to the visitors.

The convention work of Thursday prevented the delegates from sight-seeing, but after adjournment they made ample amends, and under the care and courteous guidance of Brothers McGlynn and Hannafin visited nearly every place of interest in the great city west of the river. Some of our Cook county men were surprised to find St. Louis larger than South Chicago, so much were they saturated with the geographic statistics and information of the daily press of the Windy City.

The A. O. H. of Illinois will ever remember the splendid reception and thorough Celtic hospitality of some of the best Irishmen on God's green earth—the Hibernians of East St. Louis.

SHAUN.

MOORE AS A PATRIOT.

Mr. Morrison Sustains the Rev. Dr. O'Reilly's Broad View of Moore as an Irish Nationalist.

Copious Quotations From the "Fire Worshippers" and Other Poems to Sustain the Position.

Father O'Reilly's magnificent oration on Thomas Moore was worthy of the poet and his eulogist. I regret that the audience was not as large as it should have been. What has become of the grand old spirit which in days of yore placed Chicago at the forefront of the Irish column? Must we acknowledge at last the truth of Moore's own despairing lines:

"Alas! for his country her pride has gone by
And that spirit is broken, which never would bend
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
For 'tis treason to love her and death to defend."

Since the green flag fell from the hands of the heroic Fenians we have abandoned the only manly method of recovering our long lost rights and gone back to the cowardly plan of "laying our petitions at the foot of the throne" and hoping that by becoming humble enough we would "soon have a parliament house of our own;" united, as O'Connell used to say, by the "golden link of the crown." I suppose I will be considered too entirely antiquated and out of the present mode when I say that that accursed "golden link" is too deeply encrusted with rich Irish blood for me to have any feeling but intense and undying hatred for said crown and every link and appendage appertaining thereto. I was particularly pleased with that part of the oration which deservedly lashed the ghouls who gloat over the dead poet's grave and gratify their puny malignity by discovering spots on the sun of his fame. Moore is the solar centre around which all the greater and lesser luminaries in the firmament of Irish poesy revolve. Great as some of them undoubtedly are, and much as we love and almost worship them, we must acknowledge, that the grandest of them all fall far behind his unapproachable attitude of splendor.

Everybody, of course, has read and admired the glorious Irish melodies of Moore, those unequalled expositions of the wrongs and hatreds, the hopes and despairs of the tortured Irish heart. But whoever has failed to drink deep from the silver streams of patriotic love and fervor which gush in such luxuriant volume from the superb stanzas of "The Fire Worshippers" can form but a slight idea of Moore's genius; he was a lyrist of the highest order, but he was far more than that. Under the guise of an eastern story every trope and expression of which is redolent of the hot passions, the fiery spirit, the untameable manhood, the hates, the loves, the flowers, the stars, the burning days and the languorous nights of the mythical Orient, he has traced the most superb description of our country's struggle with her worse than Mahomedan invaders. Give space for a few citations the tamest reading of which is capable of putting "a spirit under the ribs of death." I of course quote literally, but the man who cannot see the Irish allusions without explanations must be dull-witted indeed. I may premise by saying that Moore tells us that Iran is the general name of the Persian Empire, and it cannot be doubted that he had Erin in his mind every time he wrote Iran.

"Ev'n he that tyrant Arab sleeps
Calm, while a nation round him weeps;
While curses load the air he breathes,
And falchions from unnumber'd sheaths
Are starting to avenge the shame
His race has brought on Iran's name.
Hard, heartless chief, unmoved alike
Mid eyes that weep, and swords that strike;—
One of that saintly, murd'rous brood,
To carnage and the Koraf giv'n,
Who think thro unbelievers' blood
Lies their ditectest path to heav'n."

Here is a correct likeness of the hell-hound Cromwell, who, after the cold-blooded massacre of the women and children of Drogheda, thanked Heaven for "the crowning mercy." Then the story goes on growing more vivid and life-like as it proceeds.

"Never did fierce Arabia send
A satrap forth more direly great;
Never was Iran doom'd to bend
Beneath a yoke of deadlier weight.
Her throne had fall'n—her pride was crush'd—
Her sons were willing slaves, nor blush'd
In their own land—no more their own—
To crouch beneath a stranger's throne.
Her tow'rs, where Mithra once had burn'd
To Moslem shrines—oh shame—were turn'd
Where slaves converted by the sword
Their mean, apostate worship pour'd
And cursed the faith their sires adored."

How often have we all cursed the venal cravens who in the past and present crouched and "crouch beneath a stranger's throne." But after the bitter denunciation of the "willing slaves," here comes a flash of hope, vengeance and defiance:

"Yet she has hearts, 'mid all this ill,
O'er all this wreck, high buoyant still
With hope and vengeance;—hearts that yet
Like gems, in darkness, issuing rays
They've treasured from the sun that's set,—
Beam all the light of long lost days!
And swords she hath, nor weak nor slow
To second all such hearts can dare
As he shall know, well, dearly know
Who sleeps in moonlight lux'ry there."

Then comes the meeting and parting of Hinda and Hafed, in whom Moore as surely means Sarah Curran and Robert Emmet as he meant them in the heart-breaking song of "She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps." Here is a fine outburst of patriotic fervor by "Hafed the Chief":

"Yes—I am of that outcast few
To Iran (Erin) and to vengeance true
Who curse the hour you Arabs (Saxons) came
To desolate our shrines of flame
And swear before God's burning eye
To break our country's chains or die."

It will be seen that even the poetic measure of the words I have placed in parenthesis are correct; and do not those lines seem as if they were bursting from the very souls of Emmet, Tone or Lord Edward? Moore saw the horrors of the glorious Rebellion of '98, having left home, as he says himself, in his 19th year, in 1799; and who can question that these lines were written to commemorate that grand struggle:

"Rebellion! foul dishonoring word
Whose wrongful blight so oft hath stain'd
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gained.
How many a spirit born to bless
Hath sunk beneath that with'ring name,
Who but a day's, an hour's success
Had wafted to eternal fame."

How often in the old Fenian days myself and others have quoted the following superb lines:

"Fought for the land his soul adored,
For happy homes and altars free,
His only talisman, the sword;
His only spell-word, Liberty."

* * * *

"No, far he fled—indignant fled
The pageant of his country's shame
While every tear her children shed
Fell on his soul like drops of flame
And as a lover hails the dawn
Of a first smile, so welcomed he
The sparkle of the first sword drawn
For vengeance and for Liberty."

Hugh O'Neil or Hugh O'Donnell might have written this as, after their magnificent struggle they went out into sad, lonely and endless exile:

"'Tis o'er—what men could do, we've done
If Iran *will* look tamely on
And see her priests, her warriors driven
Before a sensual bigot's nod,
A wretch who shrines his lust in heav'n
And makes a pander of his God;
If her proud sons, her high-born souls,
Men in whose veins—Oh! last disgrace
The blood of Zal (Shawn) and Rustam (Brian) rolls—
If they will court this upstart race
And turn from Mithra's ancient ray
To kneel at shrines of yesterday;
If they *will* crouch to Iran's foes
Why, let them—till the land's despair
Cries out to Heaven, and bondage grows
Too vile for ev'n the vile to bear;
Till shame at last, long hidden, burns
Their inmost core, and conscience turns
Each coward tear the slave lets fall
Back on his heart in drops of gall.
But *here* at least are arms unchain'd
And souls that thraldom never stain'd
This spot, at least, no foot of slave
Or satrap ever yet profaned;
And though but few—though fast the wave
Of life is ebbing from our veins
Enough for vengeance yet remains."

Jimmy O'Brien and Armstrong were yet alive when this malediction on a traitor, unequalled in the whole round of poetry was written. It rang through my brain for weeks after the death of the devil LeCaron:

"O for a tongue to curse the slave
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might!
May Life's unblessed cup for him
Be drugged with treacheries to the brim—
With hopes, that but allure to fly
With joys, that vanish while he sips,
Like dead sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips!
His country's curse, his children's shame,
Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame,
May he, at last, with lips of flame
On the parch'd desert thirsting die,—
While lakes, that shone in mockery nigh
Are fading off, untouched, untasted,
Like the once glorious hopes he blasted!
And when from earth his spirit flies
Just Prophet, let she damn'd one dwell
Full in the sight of Paradise
Beholding heav'n and feeling hell!"

Does the next scene describe "Glendalough," "Tyrrell's Pass," "The Pass of Plumes," or the slaughter of the ancient Britons in '98? Either of these immortal struggles with our hated Moslems was heroic enough to furnish the subject for "the Gheber's bloody glen":

"He read their thoughts, they were his own—
'What! while our arms can wield those blades,
Shall we die tamely? die alone?
Without one victim, to our shades,
One Moslem heart, where, buried deep
The sabre from its toil may sleep?
No—God of Iran's burning skies!
Thou scorn'st th' inglorious sacrifice.
No—though of all earth's hopes bereft,
Life, swords, and vengeance still are left.
We'll make yon valley's reeking caves
Live in the awe-struck minds of men
Till tyrants shudder, when their slaves
Tell of the Gheber's bloody glen.
Follow brave hearts!—this pile remains
Our refuge still from life and chains;
But his the best, the holiest bed,
Who sinks entomb'd in Moslem dead."

But no veil of Eastern allegory is thrown over the fiery, invincible Irish spirit of these hasty quotations from the incomparable Melodies:

"But onward!—the Green banner rearing,
Go, flesh every sword to the hilt;
On our side is virtue and Erin,
On theirs is the Saxon and guilt."

* *

"Mononia! when nature embellished the tint
Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
The footsteps of slavery there?"

* *

"The nations have fallen, but thou art still young,
Thy sun is but rising when others have set,
And tho' slavery's cloud, o'er thy morning hath hung
The full-noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.
Erin, oh Erin, tho' long in the shade
Thy star shall shine out, when the proudest shall fade."

* *

"We swear to revenge them! no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted
Till vengeance is wreaked on the murderer's head.
Yes, monarch! tho' sweet are our home's recollections,
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections:
Revenge on a tyrant is sweeter than all!"

* *

"We tread the land that bore us,
Her Green Flag glitters o'er us,
The friends we've tried,
Are by our side,
And the foe we hate before us."

* *

"Far dearer the grave or the prison
Illumed by one patriot name
Than the trophies of all who have risen
On Liberty's ruin to fame."

But THE CITIZEN could be filled with quotations from the works of Ireland's laureate as patriotic and as musical as the above, and I cull them as my tribute of love and admiration to "the poet of all circles and the idol of his own." As we bend over his foreign grave we can truly say as he said of the friend of his boyhood, the tenderly loved Robert Emmet:

"And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls."

A. L. MORRISON.

DECORATION DAY.

1894.

Now again we praise the men
Who fought and died for country's glory,
Again in praise we sing of them
Adown the ages old and hoary.

'Neath pompous stone some lie, and some
Where gray of earth alone spreads o'er them,
And gather, we, to scatter free,
Flow'rs, to tell of love we bore them.

Brave boys in gray, who lost the day,
Who loved their foes but learned to dread them;
Brave boys and true, they of the blue,
Ah, glorious the cause that led them.

Just cause for war, "Freedom," the star
That shone in splendor there to guide them—
And some to weep and some to cheer,
And some, mistaken, dared deride them.

"Freedom," God's greatest gift to man
"No slaves," tho' black or how unlettered,
And fought they till each stalwart limb
Of brothers bound was sure unfettered.

Blood? Yea, 'twas shed, till earth was red,
'Mid cannon's boom from morn till even';
And cry was heard and sorrowed word,
Till all the air sent wail to heaven.

Yea, there was blood in rivers red,
Mid civil war's dread ills unnumbered;
And son against his sire was led;
And ties of home were rudely sundered.

And sword clashed sword in brother's hand,
'Gainst brother raised, mid din of battle;
And kindred near lay wounded there
Chorusing the grim death rattle—

O sorry fate to dire relate
When loved against their loved took hand,
When sire 'gainst son to battle led
And kindred dead strewed all the land!

Yea there was blood, and tears were shed
By tender woman left to sorrow;
And wives that were made widows wail
O'er orphaned children on the morrow.

And wives today weep o'er again
Remembering those days of sorrow,
When North 'gainst South took up the sword,
Dropping the peace of plow and furrow.

O dear the price, but just the cause:
Then once again be tribute rendered,
And for the Blue and for the Gray
Be flowers by the grateful tendered.

Flow'rs, blooms that crown the earth
Fresh springing mid each springtime's glory,
Be these the tongues to speak our love
And tell again of war's sad story.

Flowers bring ye then today,
Strewing o'er the Blue and Gray:
O'er the tomb of slavery.

MARAH.

CHICAGO, May 30, '94.

Patriotism in Parochial Schools.

Among the lessons inculcated at Catholic elementary schools, the virtue of patriotism has never been relegated to a secondary place, and hence it would be erroneous to refer to the frequent patriotic exercises that are held in those institutions now as marks of progressiveness. They may at least be mentioned, however, as proofs that these schools are up to date as far as nationalism is concerned.

The real improvements effected in the schools are to be seen in the thoroughness of the work they are at present accomplishing; a thoroughness that has proclaimed itself in many ways, and in not the least striking manner by the uniform successes which attend their pupils when they enter competitive examinations, such as those, for instance, that are periodically held in congressional districts for appointments to West Point or to the United States Naval Academy.

It may be stated in this connection, that the large attendance of Catholic teachers at the sessions of the Summer School, with the interest in educational matters which such attendance naturally awakened, has, in all probability, contributed in no slight degree to the ameliorations and advances which have of recent days taken place in the system that prevails in these elementary schools; and the same agency contains promises that whatever future emergencies may call for in the line of improved methods will be promptly and fully met.—*Donahoe's Magazine for June.*

EDUCATION IN IRELAND.

The report of the Commissioners of Education in Ireland has just been issued. The commissioners regretfully have to report the death of two of their number, viz., the Most Rev. Dr. Knox, the late Lord Primate, and the Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Clogher. Their places have been filled by the election of the present Lord Primate and the Venerable Archdeacon Smollen, P.P., of Enniskillen. The buildings vested in the commissioners are now inspected twice yearly by the surveyor of the board of works, and reports furnished to the commissioners. The total receipts for the year, including a sum of £111 19s 11d, the dividends on the invested building funds belonging to the Cavan, Fermanagh and Tyrone Roman Catholic boards, amounted to £9,132 6s 2d, as against £7,103 17s 9d for the year 1892. The large increase of the income of 1893 is due to the circumstance that a considerable portion of the 1892 rents were only collected in the early months of 1893; while, on the other hand, the receipts during the year, on account of the 1893 rents, were somewhat larger than usual. During the year the commissioners invested a sum of £920 4s 10d, accumulations of income, in the purchase of £989 7s 1d government stock. With regard to the management of the estates which the commissioners have under their control, it is reported that on the Cavan and Fermanagh estates an abatement of 15 per cent was granted on the non-judicial rents, and on judicial rents an abatement equivalent to the difference between the rents, as fixed by the land commission, and 15 per cent on the old rents. On the Tyrone estate an abatement of 15 per cent was granted, and on the Donegal estate 25 per cent. The collection of rent on the whole for the year 1892 was not so good as that for 1891. The collection amounted to £6,942, being about £529 less than a year's rent, and the abatements in the aggregate amounted to £441. The arrears of rent at the end of 1892 rose to £4,844, from £4,326 in 1891. The negotiations for the sale to the tenants of the Donegal estate under the Purchase acts are still pending. The reports from the various schools are considered satisfactory.—*Independent.*

CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

At the eleventh annual session of the Catholic Order of Foresters convened in St. Paul, Minn., Tuesday, June 5, 1894, the principal legislation enacted was a law relating to the division of the Order into State and Provincial courts. Under this law the membership of the next annual session will be considerably reduced. Following is the full text of the law as adopted:

Law for Organization of State and Provincial Courts:

Sec. 1. Any State or Province may, with the consent and under the direction of the High court, organize a State or Provincial court in manner following:

Sec. 2. Each subordinate court located in a State or Province having the requisite membership shall elect one representative and one alternate to represent it in a State or Provincial convention called by the High court for that purpose. State or Provincial conventions shall be held annually on the first Tuesday in June in each year commencing in June, 1895. Provided, however, that the High court may authorize States or Provinces to organize prior to the first Tuesday in June, 1895, if it shall see fit to do so.

Sec. 3 Each State or Province having a total membership of at least 250 members in good standing shall be entitled to organize a State or Provincial court.

Sec. 4. At the annual session of the State or Provincial court one representative and one alternate shall be elected for each 500 members of subordinate courts under the jurisdiction of the State or Provincial court to represent the State or Province at the High court annual session and one representative and alternate for a fractional part of 500 members over 250 members. Provided, that if any State or Province has less than 500 members and more than 249 members it shall be entitled to one representative.

Sec. 5. Each State or Province having less that 250 members belonging to subordinate courts in its jurisdiction shall be annexed to some near State or Province by the direction of the High court and shall co-operate with the State or Provincial court to which it is annexed, the same as if located in such State or Province, until its membership shall authorize the formation of a separate State or Provincial court as hereinbefore provided.

Sec. 6. State and Provincial courts are authorized to transact the following business:

Adopt a constitution for a State or Provincial court not to conflict with the High court constitution and by-laws, or the statutes of the State or Province in which the State or Provincial court is organized or adopt any laws that would violate the charter granted to the Order by the State of Illinois.

They shall have power to make special assessments (not to exceed 50 cents per member) on each member of the subordinate courts under their jurisdiction for State or Provincial court expenses and such expenses shall be subject to the supervision of the High court.

They shall approve the by-laws of subordinate courts under their jurisdiction.

They shall hear all appeals from the subordinate courts or members thereof, in their State or Province. Subordinate courts or members thereof shall be entitled to an appeal from the decision of a State or Province court to the High court.

They shall not approve any by-laws of any subordinate court which in any way conflicts with the constitution or by-laws of the High or State or Provincial courts.

The State or Provincial court officers shall have power to organize new courts in their State or Province.

They shall appoint all deputy high chief rangers for the courts under their jurisdiction.

They shall, before the close of such convention, elect the following officers: State or Provincial chief ranger; State or Provincial vice chief ranger; State or Provincial secretary; State or Provincial treasurer, and such other officers as they may see fit.

The above officers to be known as State or Provincial court officers, and with the representatives of subordinate courts shall form the State or Provincial court annual session or convention.

Sec. 7. The annual session of the High court shall be composed of the High court and representatives of the State and Provincial courts. The qualification for membership in the annual session shall be the same as now required except that the certificate of credentials shall be from the State or Provincial court.

Sec. 8. The annual session of the High court shall meet annually in each year on the second Tuesday in September, 1895.

Sec. 9. The constitutions of the High court and subordinate courts shall be considered as amended so as to carry into effect the above and foregoing provisions in all particulars, and each and every part thereof in conflict with the foregoing is hereby repealed.

Agents Wanted

For a new Indexed Wall Map of Ireland; large size; low price. Sample mailed for 35 cents. A money maker.

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166 Adams-st., Chicago.

A Fortunate Irishman.

Thomas Nevins, an American millionaire, of Orange, N.J., has purchased Killeen Castle, county Meath, Ireland, for $300,000. Mr. Nevins landed in America thirty years ago a comparatively poor man, and has succeeded so well as to be able to buy and sustain one of the most magnificent old estates in Ireland. Mr. Nevins said in regard to the purchase of it: "I was induced to buy the estate more as a matter of pride than anything else, as I might have invested my money in this country to more advantage. But like a great many other Irishmen in America I still have a regard for my birthplace, and it gives me great gratification to become the possessor of this estate and say that I am able to go back and occupy it anytime I want to. I don't propose to give up America, however."

Killeen is only seventy-five miles from Dublin. "It is history," says a description, "that King John, on one of his visits to Ireland, lived at Killeen Castle in 1210. The portion in which he resided is known today as King John's Tower."—*Ex.*

UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES.

The United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook county are requested to send delegates—three from each organization entitled to representation—to the annual convention, which will meet at Fitzgerald's hall, Halsted and Adams streets, at 3 o'clock p.m., Sunday, June 24, 1894. Officers for the ensuing year are to be elected, and other important business disposed of.

JOHN F. FINERTY, President.
T. F. MCCARTHY, } Secretaries.
JOHN DOWLING, }

The Watches of the Night

When of the repeated kind experienced by persons troubled with insomnia, soon bring about an alarming condition of the nervous system. The shaking hand, confusion of the brain, lapses of memory and loss of appetite indicate, with terrible precision, the ravages produced by loss of sleep, which if unremedied must destroy mental equilibrium altogether. No better and thorough nervine exists than Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Common sense and experience point to its early and steady use in cases of insomnia. It strengthens weak and relaxes the tension of overstrained nerves, which, by the way, a resort to unmedicated stimulants will never do permanently, while the after effect of such excitants is most prejudicial. Under the influence of this benign invigorant, appetite, digestion and sleep return, and bodily comfort and health are alike promoted. It is invaluable in chills and fever, liver complaint, constipation, rheumatic and kidney trouble.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that each morning business men and tourists prefer this—the best route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

Historic Dwarfs.

About the time of the marriage of the dwarfs, the Czar, in a fit of after-dinner jollity, had conferred the title of Count upon his former teacher. Besides, little Zotof received a salary of about two thousand dollars, a considerable sum for those days, and he had taken possession with much ceremony of a fine house in the Tartar quarter of St. Petersburg. Now it happened that Zotof, feeling himself growing old, proposed one evening, when the Czar was in an especially good humor, to retire to a monastery. Instead of agreeing, Peter, to the great astonishment of the old and infirm dwarf, forbade his thinking of such a thing, and ordered him to marry again. Zotof was much put out, but Peter's passion for shows was not one whit less. He chose as wife for his favorite buffoon an old lady, a widow of a man named Stremonkof. Preparations were begun in the autumn of 1712, and in the fantastic procession the Empress Catherine and the Czar's daughters, Martha and Prascovia, and even some of the ambassadors were obliged to take part. Four stammering old men gave out the invitations; infirm and tottering creatures were appointed to conduct the bride, and four of the fattest men in Russia served as runners. The musicians were seated in a car led by bears, and as these novel steeds were always being pricked by the points of the steel lances, their low growlings served as fitting accompaniment to the weird airs that arose from the chariot. The service at the cathedral was performed by a very old priest, who was half blind and deaf, and who wore spectacles. The procession, the ceremony, the nuptial-feast, and the jingling of the wedding-bells were all of a piece in this strange diversion. Zotof's descendants were forbidden to bear the title of Count so strangely acquired, until 1802, when a member of an illustrious and princely family with which one of them had intermarried, obtained permission from the Emperor Alexander I. to bear the title conferred upon the dwarf, his ancestor.—*Mary Shears Roberts, in June St. Nicholas.*

Less Than Half Rates to Colorado.

On June 23 and 24, The North-Western Line will sell excursion tickets to Denver, Pueblo and Colorado Springs and return at the exceedingly low rate of $27.50—less than one fare for the round trip; tickets good for return passage until July 27, inclusive. Solid Vestibuled Trains, Palace Sleeping Cars and Superb Dining Cars through between Chicago and Denver daily, via the Chicago & North-Western Railway. For detailed information apply to agents of connecting lines, or address W. A. THRALL, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago.

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SULLIVAN & HEALY, LAWYERS, 87 WASHINGTON STREET.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss.—Circuit Court of Cook County. To the May Term, A. D. 1894. Free Home Building, Loan and Homestead Association, a corporation, etc., vs. Thomas Vizard, Catherine Vizard and Ernest N. Smith. In Chancery. No. 127,788.

Notice is hereby given to the said defendant, Thomas Vizard, that the above named complainant heretofore filed its Bill of Complaint in said court, on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook county, to be held at the Court House in said county, on the third Monday of May A. D. 1894, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

FRANK J. GAULTER, Clerk.

David Sullivan, Complt's Solr.

ON CALAIS SANDS.

O Calais sands the gray began,
When rosy red above the gray,
The morn with many a scarlet van
Leaped, and the world was glad with May!
And with the waves along the bay
Those white upon the shelving strands.
The sea-mews flitted white as they
On Calais sands!

On Calais sands! most man with man
Would fight, nor strain in blood today;
On Calais wet from water wan
Did not the flashing rapiers play,
Parry, riposte and lunge! The fray
Shone for a while, then mournful stands
The victor, life ebbs fast away
On Calais sands!

On Calais sands! a little space
Of sunshine, then the plash and spray,
The sound of ocean waves that race
To kiss the perfumed locks astray.
Those lips—that ne'er said "Nay,"
To Love with its helpless hands
The ocean pours its silence lay
On Calais sands!

Between the lily and the may
She waits her love from alien lands.
Her love is colder than the clay
On Calais sands!

—Andrew Lang.

HALF PAST FOUR.

A June afternoon in the year 1645 the great hall of Fane place was occupied by two persons. The windows were carefully shuttered, and only a small crack was left open to admit light. The door was closed. On the table were spread viands, and a gentleman in the dress of a Cavalier was hastily partaking of refreshments. His companion, a young woman of prepossessing appearance, ministered deftly to his wants, laying her finger on her lips when he attempted to speak.

"Hush!" she said softly. "Eat, Master Quivil, while thou canst. Who knows what may happen next? My brother Toby watches, and he may bring us news of pursuit at any moment. Eat."

He ate and drank, therefore, at her command. But when he had satisfied his hunger Master Quivil rose and stood before her with longing words trembling on his lips. He was young—not more, certainly, than five and twenty—and handsome, with a winning smile and bright eyes. She was perhaps three years his junior and as beautiful as a morn in May. There were indeed some that sighed that there was no court where Mistress Anne Fane might have displayed her charms and won the heart of some great noble by her beauty and her grace. But there was no court now, and the king was in sorrow, and Mistress Anne's mechlin lace was sold, and her mother's jewels pawned, and she herself had donned a sad colored robe, and her countenance was careworn. Nevertheless the fugitive from Naseby thought she was the most exquisite sight he had ever seen, and his eyes dwelt tenderly upon her face.

"How can I thank thee enough?" he began. "I came here friendless, and thou hast succored me. I found thee alone—thy father dead, thy elder brother far away, nobody to defend thee but a lad of 15 and a dotard servant. And yet thou hast received me, fed me, entertained me"——

"Hush!" she interrupted. "Thou fightest in a good cause, and I would die for such. I did it for the king."

"For the king only?" he said.

"I did it for the king," she repeated, blushing. "But do not tarry, Master Quivil. I pray thee go, for I cannot conceal thee here. Even our lumber rooms are bare, and not a mouse could shelter there in safety."

"I will, I will!" he cried. "But first, O Mistress Anne, should I not wait till sundown? I cannot fly in open day. 'Tis little more than 4 by the clock."

She followed his gaze to the clock's face.

"Mistress, I will depart at sundown. Until then my flight would command an easy capture. Harbor me for these few hours, sweet mistress, and I will be gone. Thou knowest not what these few hours are to me. But hast thou forgotten our childish days? Hast thou forgotten when we played together? I was but a lad and thou a little maid, and yet, mistress, I called thee sweetheart. Dost thou recall?"

She did recall, and her pale cheek was flushed with a bright pink spot as he spoke. But she did not reply.

"I gave thee once a rose," he said. "Dost remember? 'Twas June, so long ago that it seems like a dream. We walked together in the rose garden. I mind me we had escaped from Henry Dowdeswell and left him sulking. And I plucked a rose and said: 'Take it, Nan. Take it as a pledge from the unifformed boy that the gallant man shall return to woo thee.' And thou tookest it, sweetheart, with a tear glistening in thy pretty eyes, and thou didst promise to dry its petals and fold them among thy raiment, and keep them till I came back to prove my gallantry and to win thee. Alas, Nan, I have come back. But my gallantry is unproved, for the day is lost, and I have fled, and how can I hope that thou wilt smile upon me now?"

He caught her hand and kissed it.

"Ah, Master Quivil"——

"Wilt not call me Jack, love? Dear heart, I come to thee scarred and luckless. I dare not offer thee my empty hand. But send me not away comfortless."

"Dear Jack," she murmured, blushing, "thou hast ever been in my heart." He caught her to him.

"And if happier days should come, Nan, sweet Nan, when my hands hold a triumphant sword, and when the king marches proudly to London, and when the gay court gathers again, gayer and statelier than before, say, Nan, wilt thou take my happy hand and suffer me to lead thee to that bright court, which thou wilt brighten and adorn as a diamond adorns the crown?"

"Oh, Jack, thou speakest too kindly."

"Nay, mistress, I am thy humble servant. But wouldst thou thus glorify my poor life?"

"Oh, Jack! Dear Jack!"

But even as he pressed her to his breast something passing the window outside for a moment obscured the one ray of light which streamed through the shutter that had been left ajar. The girl started violently and withdrew from her lover's embrace.

"What was that?" she whispered fearfully.

"Nothing, my queen," he said reassuringly.

"Nay, nay, Jack. Some one passed."

"'Twas old Diggon, mayhap, or thy brother Toby."

"No, no," she said in terror. "Diggon is in the field, and Toby watches the road. This is some one who has alighted at the postern gate, and who comes through the garden."

"Then it is some one who knows the house well, dear love—a friend, belike."

"Nay. There is no one. Young Master Dowdeswell alone hath come hither, over and again. But he is a traitor and hath come here spying the land. And, Jack, if he should come again he comes as thy enemy. Was he at Naseby?"

"He was, Nan. I saw the prick eared rogue."

"It may be he. Oh, Jack, Jack!"

In another moment the sound was heard of a handle being turned, and then the heavy tread of one who crossed the outer vestibule and drew near to the door of the great hall. Anne clasped her lover's arm.

"My own love, thou must escape," she sobbed. "Through the window? No, no! He will have placed a watch. In the gallery? Alas, no shelter there!"

She looked around wildly. The footsteps drew yet nearer. Suddenly her eyes lighted on the clock's face.

"The clock!" she cried in a stifled voice.

Throwing open the case and holding aside the pendulum, she motioned to Quivil to get within. He obeyed her instantly and without a word. She closed the case upon him, and as she turned away the door of the apartment opened, and a loud and stern voice demanded admittance.

Before she had time either for welcome or denial the speaker entered. He was a tall and soldierly man, wanting yet several years of 30—a man whose countenance had acquired the sour expression cultivated by the Roundheads, but who was not naturally ill favored. He looked suspiciously round the room as he came in and finally doffed his beaver to the lady.

"Good day, Mistress Anne," he said.

"Good day, Master Dowdeswell," she returned.

"I come upon business," he announced. "I have a search warrant to ransack thy house. I seek the body of Master John Quivil. He is supposed to be in hiding here or hereabouts, and I"——

He paused, but she did not speak.

"I came this way," he went on after a moment. "I thought, madam, it might be more agreeable that a friend should search thy house than a stranger."

"'Twas kindly done, Master Dowdeswell."

"Nay, madam. Duty is rarely kind, and I have strictly fulfilled my duty and have cut off every avenue of escape from this house by entering myself through the postern gate while directing my men to follow the public path. I am not kind. But I have been minded to make the search as little painful to thee as possible. Is the traitor John Quivil hidden here?" he demanded.

"There is no traitor here," returned Anne quickly.

Dowdeswell smiled grimly.

"Mistress Anne, thou knowest what I mean," he said. "Thine is a willful misapprehension. I ask again, Doth the traitor John Quivil lie here concealed?"

"I conceal no traitors, Master Dowdeswell."

"But dost thou conceal the body of John Quivil?"

For a moment she could not answer, and Dowdeswell smiled again. "I perceive that thou hast lately eaten," he said, then glancing at the clock: "Half past 4! 'Tis marvelous strange that thou shouldst dine or sup at such an hour."

"The times are strange, Master Dowdeswell, and we do strange things in strange times."

"Aye, mistress, even to the harboring of traitors. Who, I desire thee tell me, who hath broken bread in this place? But nay. Answer me not. Cover not thy malignancy with falsehood. Thou hast a traitor here, and I will drag him forth."

Then, striding to the door, he shouted to his underlings, who had just reached the front entrance of the house. Bidding them search the mansion and the outhouses, he seated himself at the table, laying a pair of pistols upon it. Anne still stood in front of the great clock, whose hands pointed to 4:30.

"Wilt thou not be seated, mistress?" asked Dowdeswell presently in a gentler tone.

"I do not sit with the king's enemies," she replied.

"Ah, mistress, reproach me not," he protested. "Time was when Henry Dowdeswell could win a smile from fair Mistress Anne Fane."

"That, sir, was when Master Henry Dowdeswell's heart beat true."

"It hath beat ever true, Mistress Anne, and never truer than now. Didst suppose that Henry Dowdenswell's heart could beat for any but Mistress Anne Fane?"

"Master Dowdeswell!"

"Listen, Mistress Anne. Dost forget all the days of youth—all the games that we twain played together; all our intercourse, sweet and bitter by turns; all the jealousies and rivalries between thy humble servant and Jack Quivil? I never liked the lad. But I forbore to cuff one upon whom my mistress smiled. Thou didst not often smile upon me, Mistress Anne. Yet there were times when thou call'dst me Henry, and when thy hand would clasp mine as we crossed the rotten bridge returning from church, and when thy thanks came prettily if I brought thee a honeycomb or a dish of yellow plums."

"Aye, I bear in mind thy goodness of yore. But Master Dowdeswell was then a loyal subject of the king."

"Charles Stuart, lady, was then a loyal king."

"Tut, tut, sir! His majesty can do no wrong."

"Mistress, we will not argue that. Speak not we of the king. Speak we only of ourselves. Mistress Anne, once thou wert little Nan to me."

"Hush, Master Dowdeswell! I cannot hear thee."

"Because I serve not the king, madam?"

"Aye, and because"——

"Not because thou lovest another? Say not that!"

"I must say it, Master Dowdeswell." He looked at her gravely.

"Mistress, is it all forgot?" he said chidingly. "I twined many a rosy garland for thee in the days of my carelessness and my profligacy, and thou frown'dst not always then. Wilt not smile now, when, in my new habit of grace, I, an elect soul, ask thy favor?"

"But I cannot love twain."

"And thou lovest—whom?"

"Master Dowdeswell, what is that to thee?"

Then there was silence for a space, and presently the trampling of men's feet sounded in the vestibule. Dowdeswell rose and went to the door.

"We have searched, captain, but we have discovered none," said a harsh voice. "Only in the stable a wornout nag reposeth, and there be blood upon his flanks and a slight wound, and methinks he hath been in the battle, and in the holster was this kerchief embroidered with the letters J. Q."

"Good," returned Dowdeswell. "Await me without."

Then he shut the door and came back to his former position, fronting Anne, and with the clock that still pointed to half past 4 behind her.

"Mistress Anne Fane," he began sententiously, "I like thee well, and I would fain make thee my wife and gradually draw thee to higher delights and school thy mind to right thinking. To my sorrow, thou dislikest me, and I withdraw. But ere I quit thee I conjure thee to tell me—as thou fearest God and as thou lovest virtue and desirest the rewards of heaven—dost thou conceal here in some secret chamber or in some hidden vault the person of the rebel whom I seek?"

"No," said Anne.

"As thou dreadest the fires of hell, mistress, I conjure thee to speak the truth."

"I do speak the truth, sir."

"Without quibbling, mistress, I bid thee inform me if one lie hid here in some secret chamber whom I account a rebel."

"There is no secret chamber, Master Dowdeswell."

"Mistress Anne, is John Quivil here?"

"Master Dowdeswell, thou hast sought throughout the house, and thou hast not found him, and I tell thee there is no secret chamber here."

"Then to whom appertaineth the wearied nag in the outer stable?"

"How can I say? Our stable door hath no key, and he who will may place his beast there."

"Mistress, fear the Lord and speak the truth! To whom appertaineth the kerchief embroidered J. Q?"

"Master Dowdeswell, thou hurriest to conclusions. May no man own the initials J. Q. save one?"

"Parley not with me, madam. I love thee, Mistress Anne, but my conscience condemns me even while I bandy words with thee. Tell me, lest I drag thee to the seat of justice, where hidest thou John Quivil?"

She was almost at her wits' end. But she held firm.

"How knowest thou that Master Quivil was at the ill fated field of Naseby?" she asked.

"How know I? Because I saw him, madam—saw him in the rear company of the man Charles Stuart, whom thou callest king. I saw him, and I know that he fled in this direction. Madam, the evidence of his presence here is circumstantial. Here are his wearied steed and his kerchief. Yield him up."

"Were it in my power, Master Dowdeswell, never would I yield him up! The king's loyal servants are my true friends, and I deliver no faithful friend to a foe."

"Because thou lovest him, mistress?"

"Not so. Because I love the king."

Dowdeswell gave a short laugh.

"'Tis a woman's wile," he said. "The traitor is here, madam. Thou hast as good as admitted his presence. I must away with thee to the seat of judgment."

But he did not order her to prepare herself to depart. He stood looking at her with blazing eyes.

"Vain and trifling woman!" he burst forth at length. "Thinkest thou to dissemble with me? Thinkest thou to deceive the Lord's elect? Know that I see thy wicked endeavor; that I perceive thy bold purpose, and that I despise thy shallow deceit. The man John Quivil is here. Madam, he is here, and I forbid thee to conceal him longer. Acquaint me where he is!"

"Master Dowdeswell, thou saidst but now that thou lovedst me," said Anne. "If thou hast ever loved me, ask no more, but depart in peace."

"I said I loved thee!" he cried impetuously. "Yes, and I do love thee! Even as Jacob loved Rachel, love I thee! Even as the hart desireth the water brooks, even so I desire thee! My sole desire in life is to content thee, and if needful I would shed my blood for thee. Dear Nan, wilt not return my love and come into my arms, confessing thy great fault of today and telling me where John Quivil lies hid?"

"No, Master Dowdeswell," said Anne, with dignity. "Take me away and immure me in the vilest dungeons, but for my love's sake I will reveal naught."

"But wilt not love me, Nan?"

"No."

He was deeply mortified. The perspiration stood upon his brow, and his heart was hot within him. He looked at her again. Then, with an unpremeditated gesture, he raised his eyes to the clock face above her head. Something in its aspect struck him strangely.

"Half past 4!" he exclaimed. "Half past 4! Is it always half past 4 here, mistress?"

"The clock hath stopped," faltered she.

"Strange that it should stop even as I entered the chamber," said he. "Let me set it going for thee."

"Nay," she said quickly. "Why set it going for naught, since thou art going to take me to jail! Let the clock be."

"That would be indeed an unkind measure," said he. "Even if thou be taken hence, should not the members of thy household know the time?"

"I have no servants," said she.

"None, madam? Beware. Dost thou dwell alone—absolutely solitary?"

"My brother Toby is here," she admitted, "but he never looks at the clock, and our old servant is half blind and cannot read the time."

"Nevertheless I will set the clock," said Dowdeswell.

And, patting her aside, he flung the clock case wide.

"By St. George!" he exclaimed.

Quivil stepped forth, his plumed hat in hand.

"Good day, Master Dowdeswell," he said complacently. "We are ill met."

"I arrest thee, traitor," said Dowdeswell. "Sergeant Fairchild"——

He was about to raise his voice to call upon his subordinates to enter and seize Quivil, but quick as thought Anne circumvented him. Snatching one of his pistols from the table, she darted up the flight of steps into the gallery, and leaning over the railing she cried to Dowdeswell to stay his movements.

"Hold!" she cried imperatively. "See here, Master Dowdeswell! I have thy pistol. It is loaded. I hold it to my heart. Raise thy voice but one syllable—touch Master Quivil by but one finger—and I fire—I fire, hark ye, and I am dead! And thou lovest me, Master Dowdeswell; thou lovest me! Nay, stand where thou art! Stir but an inch, and I die. See, the pistol is at my bosom! Listen! Make up thy mind to depart in peace and leave Jack Quivil unharmed while I count 10. For if when I come to 10 thou be still here I fire, and I die—thy little Nan, whom thou lovest, dies!"

She began to count, leaning over the balustrade, with the pistol pressed against her breast and her finger on the trigger and her eyes fixed upon the two men. They dared not stir. The determination in her eyes held them spellbound.

"One," she began.

"Stop, Nan, stop!" entreated Quivil. "Let me go with him! I care naught. Stop, dear love, stop counting and take that pistol from thy breast."

"Two," she proceeded slowly. "Three"——

"Mistress Anne, I cannot do the thing I would. But, oh! for the love of God, take that deadly instrument from thy breast," implored Dowdeswell.

"Four," she went on. "Five—six"—

"Nan, thou art killing me. I care not a jot for imprisonment or death."

"Seven"——

"Nan, my little Nan, think that man who loves owes duty too. Have mercy on me and come down."

"Eight"——

"Nan, sweet soul, forbear!"

"Nan, in God's name, cease!"

"Nine"——

"For love's sake!" cried Quivil, pointing his pistol at his own breast.

"For conscience!" exclaimed Dowdeswell, seizing his other pistol which still lay upon the table and thrusting it against his head.

Simultaneously the two men fired.

"Ten!"

It was a mechanical cry. Anne dropped the pistol from her hand and rushed down the steps, and as she reached the bottom Dowdeswell's troopers hurried into the room. But the Cavalier and the Roundhead who had loved Mistress Anne so well lay dead, and above them stood the silent clock pointing to 4:30.—Argosy.

Building a House In Bermuda.

Any man who chooses may scrape the thin coating of earth off from his proposed building site and proceed to lay up the walls of his habitation with the blocks sawed out in the process of excavating his cellar. Thus when the cellar is dug the house may be ready for roofing, and if enough roofing material has not already been accumulated in the course of the excavation it can easily be had by digging the cellar a trifle deeper, for the roofs in Bermuda are invariably made out of thin slabs of this same white coral rock. It has the advantage of being so soft that one may cut it with an ordinary handsaw 10 hours a day for six months or a year without refiling the saw. It may be sawed into slabs 2 or 3 inches thick and 18 inches or 2 feet square without particular danger of breaking the slabs. It looks somewhat like a very soft, chalky variety of marble. Though so workable when first quarried, it hardens upon exposure. Moisture permeates it easily, however, and it is desirable that a building should be covered with a thin coating of portland cement or a mixture of common plaster with cement. The coating is then treated with a heavy whitewash made of lime burned from the same ever ready coral rock. The roofs and chimneys as well as the walls are kept constantly whitewashed and are absolutely as white as the driven snow. —Review of Reviews.

Crushed.

His eyes met hers for an instant in a glance of intense and agonized appeal. A moment later he staggered to his feet. "Crushed!" he moaned. He was terribly pale. "Crushed!" with faltering footsteps he moved away. "Crushed!" All he could do was to tell the policeman on the corner that a girl in a white cap and blue bloomers had run him down with a bicycle. No; he was unable to furnish a more detailed description. She had disappeared very suddenly.—Detroit Tribune.

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No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

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No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
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No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
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No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

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No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
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No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

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This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

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OFFER NO. 28.

No. 28 is a watch of the very latest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery gauranteed, and prepaid, for only.....$17.50

HUNTING-CASE GOLD WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $10.
OFFER NO. 24.

No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal. It is just like a $50 solid gold watch in appearance. This is a great bargain, and we cannot recommend it too highly. It gives any person who has a small amount to spend a chance to own a gold watch. Price, by insured registered mail.....$10

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING-CASE, WALTHAM OR ELGIN.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $9.50.
OFFER NO. 21.

No. 21 is a solid coin-silver hunting-case Waltham or Elgin watch. In the works are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, plain regulator and all improvements. Like all the watches we offer, it is a stem-wind and setter. Sent to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$9.50

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"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,
69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

ABOUT ASPARAGUS.

A VEGETABLE THAT ENJOYS A DESERVED POPULARITY.

It Grows Wild In Some Places, but Flourishes Best In a Well Kept Garden—Its Relation to the Famous Asphodel—The Seeds Used For Coffee.

As a tickler of the palate asparagus has come down the ages with all the weight of Greek and Roman approval. Plato ate it by the plateful, and Aristophanes, the humorist, regarded it as a great aid in digesting the crank philosophers of the day.

It is an odd fact that this culinary plant is closely related to the famous asphodel, which was supposed by the ancients to be the leading flower in the gardens of the elysium, the Greek purgatory or paradise. A part of the quaintness of this lies in the fact that the roots both possess purgative qualities. The roots and fruit of both were formerly much used in medicine for this purpose.

According to the superstition of the Romans, the manes of the dead fed on the roots of the asphodel. They planted it, therefore, in and around the cemeteries. Hence to this day it covers with its beautiful golden blossoms as profusely as dandelions the Apulian hills and valleys, and the sheep feed on it greedily.

It belongs to the same natural order of perennials, and the only difference between the asparagus and the asphodel appears to be in the fruit and the color of the flowers. So abundant is the wild asparagus in the steppes of Russia that cattle eat it like grass, just as Italian sheep devour its botanical cousin.

Not native to America, it has here, however, been raised to its greatest perfection as a table delicacy. Perhaps no other plant gives as good proof of what cultivation can do. In its wild state it rarely grows higher than a foot or thicker than a slate pencil. Culture has multiplied its height by four and its thickness nearly as much, adding also to its flavor—not, however, to its value as a food, for it still possesses very little nutritive substance.

It was once regarded as a garden ornament in this country, and in New England rural places especially was used in making up bouquets. Dried specimens can still be found in Maine and Massachusetts parlors. Nor is this, which would strike those who know it only to eat it, as a curious old fashioned taste, without good foundation from an artistic point of view, for the full grown plant is remarkable for its delicate elegance. It has many branches loaded with fine, threadlike leaves and small bell shaped flowers of a greenish yellow luster.

Its expansiveness is also remarkable, and it has lent itself to modern humor as it did to ancient. One of the most delicious passages of Charles Dudley Warner's "My Summer In a Garden" tells of his planting it, leaving it alone for awhile and coming back to find that it had overrun everything and threatened to turn his place into an asparagus grove.

The methods of cultivation and cutting of the young and tender shoots for market before ramification differ very little here and abroad except as to time. Here it is generally not cut for the first two years. Abroad it is often allowed to grow three or four. The life of a plant properly cut and tended is a dozen years. The beds are generally 4 feet broad, with trenches 2½ feet deep for the manuring. The plants are usually arranged from 6 to 10 inches apart, and the cluster of heads that grows from each root is cut from a little below the surface of the soil.

Asparagus possesses, in common with asphodel and some score of related plants, a very peculiar crystalline chemical called asparagine, and an extract of the shoots and roots is still administered occasionally in dropsies as a diuretic, and also as a lithic to dissolve calculi in the bladder. It seems to be unquestionably a stimulus to digestion and is probably one of the most wholesome adjuncts of a dinner.

The seeds in some parts of southern Europe are dried and used as a substitute for coffee, which may yet come into fashion here. A wild variety in Spain and Portugal is considered the crown of a salad, having a pleasant bitter taste that gives not only a fillip to the tongue, but also to the appetite. The amount raised in Staten Island and in Jersey for the New York market increases markedly every year, and the quality seems to keep pace with the quantity.

The ways of cooking and serving it are likewise on the increase. Asparagus on toast, asparagus salads, asparagus patties, sauces and even soups, plain and in combination with many other vegetables, indicate by their variety the favor it has attained.

A very common mistake, however, that is made in preparing it is to cook it whole. After being delicately washed, it should be cut in half, and the lowest part should be cooked for three-quarters of an hour. Then add the tops and cook for 10 or 15 minutes. By this method both parts become just right. The stalk is tender throughout, and the tops do not fall all to pieces.

So called Prussian asparagus, an allied plant, of which the spikes are eaten in some places, is not wholesome, and canned asparagus seems to lack not only flavor, but the medicinal virtues of the fresh.—New York World.

Simple.

In the studio of one of our leading R. A.'s, who was recently showing his pictures for this year's academy, stood a lady of fashion. "Oh, what a lovely picture! How I wish I could paint like that. You ought to let me into the secret how to do it."

"Nothing can be more simple, madam. You have only to choose the proper colors and stick them on in the right places, and the thing is done."

"A thousand thanks. I will go home and start at once."—London Tit-Bits.

Wine In Bottles.

The increase of the strength of wine by keeping depends upon whether it is kept in cask or bottle. If stored in cask, there is a constant increase of alcohol. The ancients knew that wine improved if kept in leathern bottles, and the same result is obtained by keeping it in wooden vessels, for both leather and wood are more easily penetrated by water than by alcohol. Evaporation ensues from both, but more freely from water, and the wine consequently becomes richer in alcohol. On the other hand, the opinion that wine has grown old in bottles and therefore become stronger is thoroughly false. Evaporation is very much hindered by the cork, even when this is not covered with rosin and sealing wax. The simple explanation of our finding old bottled wine rich in alcohol is that only the stronger wines can be preserved and the weaker ones cannot resist the effects of time. At the same time, although all wine must eventually be spoiled and weakened by keeping it in bottles, yet some kinds acquire, as a first consequence of that cause which afterward destroys them, and which is neither more nor less than the chemical alteration in their constituents, properties which render them more agreeable both to smell and taste.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Uniforms to Scare the Enemy.

According to the report prepared by the war department, red uniforms were first adopted by the Emperor Valerius Maximus in order that the Roman soldiers might not be frightened by the sight of their own blood. To this day the children of England are told that this is the reason why French troops wear red trousers, and French children are taught the same notion respecting the red coats of the British. The legionaries of ancient Rome wore the skins of bears on the field of battle to make them look fierce. For the same reason they put figures of frightful beasts on their shields and helmets. From this odd custom springs modern crests and armorial bearings. The idea of scaring the enemy by such devices has been perpetuated up to quite recent times. Tall bearskin hats were originally adopted to make them look taller by the French cuirassiers, each of whom carried a handful of grenades for scattering among the ranks of their foe.—Troy Times.

Sun Spots.

It has been observed that after the sun spots have been at a minimum the summers are hotter, just as though there was more heat coming from the sun at such periods, and the fact has been accounted for by supposing that sun spots are caused by vast clouds of matter erupted from the sun and condensed in the surrounding space. These act as screens and prevent the sun's heat from radiating freely through them. From an examination of statistics A. B. McDowall, M. A., has found that in England during the hot summers, following the minima of sun spots, the month of August is hotter than July, an effect due, in all likelihood, to accumulation of the heat.—American Register.

The Giant Guards.

The distinction of having the greatest number of tall men in one company belongs to the First battalion of the Scots guards. The "A" or right flank company of that battalion has over 90 men on its roll, and their average height is 6 feet 2¼ inches. There are 12 men in the company over 6 feet 4 inches, and one stands slightly over 6 feet 7 inches. No individual member of the company is less than 6 feet in height.—London Court Journal.

Workmen's Tools of Moses' Time.

A collection of tools used by workmen in building the pyramids of Egypt that is owned by a famous Egyptologist indicate that many tools credited to modern ingenuity were in use when Moses was troubling the pharaohs. It is also announced that a furnace has been unearthed somewhere along the Nile in which hot blast was used centuries before the modern Neilson formulated the same idea.—Age of Steel.

It is put forward as one proof of the change of climate in England within the past centuries that fig trees bore fruit. In the Deanery garden, at Winchester, is a fine old fig tree from which James I picked fruit in 1623. At West Tarring, in Sussex, a large fig tree still stands, said to have been planted by Thomas a Becket.

An impure condition of the blood and an irritated state of the nerves which arises from it are common causes of sleeplessness. Thus it is that in disorders of the liver want of sleep and bad dreams are very common.

Louis Kossuth did not like the name by which Faneuil hall is known. Said he, "I do not like the idea that you call this place 'the cradle of liberty,' for cradle scents of mortality, and liberty is immortal."

Newton abandoned the idea of publishing several of his works for fear of criticism. They were left in manuscript and were published after his death.

Neither Gray, Fielding nor Akenside ever sat for a portrait, and their features are known to later times by pictures painted from memory.

Hardi, the great French dramatist, wrote 800 dramatic pieces between the years 1600 and 1637.

Persians dump their household refuse into deep cesspools dug inside of the house. These cesspools have no outlet and help to account for that country being the hotbed of cholera.

Things made wholly or in part of clay and baked, which are opaque, are called pottery. Those which are semitransparent are porcelain.

Insects inhabiting islands have either very short wings of very little use in flying or no wings at all.

MYSTERIES OF FLORIDA.

An Underground River That Makes Things Very Lively at Times.

Two miles south of Gainesville is a prairie. At certain seasons strangers wonder why it is called a "prairie," for they look out upon a broad stretch of water so deep that storms churn its surface into rolling white capped billows. At times the commerce of the lake is done by steamer, while at other times there is not water enough to float a canoe. In fact, I have crossed the prairie in the steamer and again have gone over identically the same route in a stage from whose wheels clouds of dust would roll.

On the edge of the prairie, half walled in by rock, dense with immense trees draped in long festoons of moss, is a pool of water called "The Sink." The depth of it has never been sounded. From this sink an underground river flows and makes its way no one knows where. Sometimes an acre or so of land, trees and all, will fall into the underground river, and then the drainage of the prairie is obstructed, and the prairie "goes dry." In a year or two the river will have seeped around the obstruction, and then the prairie "goes wet." In the neighborhood of Gainesville there are hundreds of the sinks, all of them as round as a dollar and averaging from a quarter to a half acre in extent.

North of Gainesville is a pretty and mysterious spot called the "Devil's Millhopper." A large stream of water comes down hill with considerable force and disappears in a pool that has no visible outlet. Near Brooksville is another pool very similar to the "Devil's Millhopper." A stream of water pours into it and disappears in a whirlpool in the center. Throw a log in it, and it will circle the pool many times, gradually drawing nearer to the center. Suddenly the log disappears.

Some grewsome stories are connected with the Brooksville pool. It is said that the place is haunted, for the reason that many a man, and woman, too, has mysteriously disappeared in it, never to be heard of afterward. In the pioneer days of that part of the country, so the stories go, there was a secret society which washed all its dirty linen in that pool. In other words, if a man or woman gave grave offense to any members of the society, he or she was gagged, bound and in the darkness of night thrown into the pool.—Florida Times-Union.

The Monkey and the Chew of Gum.

A mild mannered man walked up to the cage of an unshaved son of the forest, wearing among his other clothes a prehensile tail and a face as solemn as a Wesleyan deacon of the old fashioned type. The monkey was critically examining a peanut, wondering possibly whether it would be worth opening. The man laid an innocent looking little roll of something on the outer ledge of the cage. Now, a monkey's curiosity is only equaled by his avarice. He will take anything in sight whether he wants it or not. So the ring tailed resident of the cage took this roll in. At first it was not possible to see what he had acquired, but in an instant the mystery was solved.

He placed it once to his mouth and took a generous bite. It proved to be a secondhand piece of chewing gum. As he removed his paw a few onlookers were well nigh thrown into spasms, for the wax strung out in an ever dwindling string, and as it drew away from him the monkey surveyed the string calmly, but curiously. If ever a monkey assumed an expression of heart consuming bliss, it was that monkey. There was just enough sugar in the pasty stuff to make it very palatable to him, and he curled his tail, rolled his eyes upward with an agonizing look and murmured to himself, "This is heaven to me." But the wax under his emphatic treatment began to show signs of rebellion. It got warm and stuck in his paw, and while he was trying to solve the problem there encountered it locked his jaws. Then he began to yawn, and to pray for a toothpick, and to wish for the man who had given him the gum, but that worthy was far away.—Cincinnati Tribune.

Early Use of the Word "Strike."

An early use of the word "strike" occurs in the London Chronicle for 1765. In the September of that year are numerous references to great suspension of labor in the northern coalfield, and the colliers are stated to have "struck out" for a higher bounty before entering into thier usual yearly "bond." In confirmation of Mr. Leaton-Blenkinsopp's statement at the last reference it may be added that the strike is twice called a "stick." (London Chronicle, Oct. 8-10.)

One of Harriet Martineau's earliest pamphlets was a tract entitled "The Tendency of Strikes and Sticks to Produce Low Wages," published at Durham in 1834. The time honored illustration of profitless labor, "carrying coals to Newcastle," probably received its first slap in the face during the strike of 1765. A paragraph dated Newcastle, Sept. 28, in the London Chronicle, says, "'Tis very remarkable that on Wednesday several pokes of coals were brought from Durham to this town by one of the common carriers and sold on the sand hill for ninepence a poke, by which he cleared sixpence a poke."—Notes and Queries.

Young Supreme Court Lawyers.

Chief Justice Fuller was speaking the other day of the large number of brilliant young lawyers that were appearing before the supreme court of late. It was formerly the rule to intrust supreme court cases to veterans, and until recently men under 50 years of age were very seldom seen at that bar. Younger men might prepare the briefs, but old men were called in to present them. But of late the younger generation of lawyers are arguing their own cases, and Justice Fuller thinks there are more brilliant youngsters at the bar of the United States than in any other country of the world.—Chicago Record.

Cavalry and Cold Steel.

If you will allow a cavalry soldier to forget the value of cold steel and rely on fire action, you destroy the dash and elan which make him formidable and should be his characteristic. Therefore Frederick 130 years ago ordered his troopers always to attack, and while he discountenanced the use of carbines gave them the necessary support which fire lends by organizing a light artillery to attend their movementta.

Napoleon has told us that "cavalry cannot reply to fire and can only fight with the steel," and fully recognizing where lay the weakness of his horsemen he gave them an auxiliary in the shape of horse artillery, which, so far from hampering their movements, added to their boldness and enterprise when acting independently ahead of his vast armies. The co-operation of the two arms was also then found to work in another direction to the benefit of both, for while projectiles loosen compact formations and render the attack of squadrons more dangerous the cavalry force the scattering units to draw together and present an easier target for the guns. Especially was this noticeable during the pursuit of a beaten foe. A battery, bold and well placed, may deny a whole road to the retreating columns, and long lengths of "train" may have to be abandoned on the inroad of a few accurately directed shells.—Saturday Review.

Sneezing Out the Wedding Party.

The Rev. R. S. Hawker, in the course of some reminiscences of an aged friend of his, quotes an anecdote which this friend, himself a clergyman, was fond of telling. It is about a marriage ceremony and a pinch of snuff, and in the narrator's own language runs thus:

"It was always the custom in those days for a clergyman after the marriage to salute the bride first before any other person. Well, it was so that I had just married a very buxom, rosy young lady, and when it was over I proceeded to observe the usual ceremony. But I had just taken an enormous finger and thumbful of snuff. So no sooner had the bride received my kiss—and I gave her a smart kiss for her good looks—than she began to sneeze. The bridegroom kissed her, of course, and he began also. Then the 'best man' advanced to the privilege. Better he hadn't, for he began to sneeze awfully, and by and by the bridesmaids also, for they were all kissed in turn, till the whole party went sneezing down the aisle, and the last thing I heard outside the church was 'Tchu, tchu, tchu!' till the noise was drowned by the bells from the tower."—London Tit-Bits.

Paper Tires For Bicycles.

The writer has visited the experimental shop of the parties who are working out the idea of making tires from paper for bicycles. A pressure equal to 120 pounds was brought to bear upon a rubber tire wheel in the presence of the writer, and the tire sunk in at the bottom. Then the same kind of a wheel was treated in the same way as regards pressure, but the tire was made of paper. The same weight did not cause the tire to sink in so much as in the case of the rubber one. Thus the paper tire can be run over cobblestones, sandy roads, mud, etc., and be less affected. The continual squeezing together and inflating of the rubber tire has a tendency to wear the rubber and cause a fracture. The paper tire, being less liable to flatten or sink in, is not subject to this wear.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

A Natural Surprise.

Information was given to the police authorities at B——, that a master tailor certified to be dead and buried with due solemnity many years ago was still in the land of the living. For the purpose of a gigantic swindle a doctor had been bribed to make out a spurious certificate in order to obtain payment of the insurance money, amounting to 80,000 marks. Further inquiries having established the accuracy of the facts as alleged, the coffin was exhumed and was found to contain nothing but a stout ironing board. At the sight of it a policeman standing by exclaimed in astonishment, "Golly, how he has altered!"—Deutscher Reichsbote.

Aged Horses.

With moderate care and good usage a horse's life may be prolonged to 25, 35 or 40 years. An English gentleman had three horses which died in his possession at the ages of 35, 37 and 39 years respectively. The oldest was in a carriage the very day he died, strong and vigorous, but was carried off by a spasmodic colic, to which he was subject. A horse in use at a riding school in Woolwich lived to be 40 years old, and a barge horse of the Mersey and Irwell Navigation company is declared to have been in his sixty-second year when he died.—London Answers.

An Automatic Press Feeder.

An ingenious arrangement has been devised and put in operation by a London concern by which the automatic feeding of single sheets of paper to printing machines of the ordinary cylinder pattern, or two feeder, perfecting, lithographic or ruling machine is carried out in an entirely satisfactory manner—the apparatus, in a word, while of simple construction and management, is capable of automatically separating a single sheet of paper from the bulk and laying the sheet to exact register in the grippers of the machine. In the accomplishing of this effect two boards are affixed in the usual position in the sides of the machine, which sides also carry two vertical sliding frames surmounted by a crosshead, which supports a radial beam for the purpose of regulating the weight or pressure upon the paper, the apparatus being allowed sufficient play on the slides by means of antifriction pulleys. The motive power for carrying the sheet forward is taken by means of a chain drive from the shaft of the cylinder, thus insuring that no sheet is fed except in accord with the motion of the cylinder.—New York Sun.

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County Financial Secretary, D Kirby, 466 W Erie st.
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Div No 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 335 W Van Buren st; John Byrne, V-P; Thomas Foley, Rec Sec, 2716 Bonfield st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 1 p m.

Div 8—M A Concannon, Pres, 41 Wendel st; M A Doyle, V P; D J Mahony, R S, 117 E Erie st; P J O'Sullivan, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P Murphy, V-P; Thomas White, R S, South Chicago; Michl Clarke, F S; T Ahern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, in Eigeman's hall, South Chicago.

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Div 20—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGeohegan, VP; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4604 Ashland-av; Jno Waters, FS; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 23—Jas Kerwin, Pres, 5314 Atlantic-st; P Molloy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 545 Bristol-st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Thomas P O'Donovan, Pres, 115th st, Kensington, Philip J O Reilly, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, Box 884, Pullman; Patrick Keyes, Fin Sec; William Carroll, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Pullman.

Div. 30—Thomas Heelan, Pres., Cummings, Ill.; James Crilly, V P; Jeremiah O'Keefe, Rec Sec, Cummings, Ill; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Lawrence Hartnett, Treas. Meet in Link's hall, Cummings, 2d Sunday of each month at 3 p m.

Div 35—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 829 Thirty-seventh st; Thos Kelley, V P; Jas Gannon, R S, 3756 Union av; Michael Hughes, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2 p m in Burk's hall, Thirty-fifth st and Emerald av.

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St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaefer, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9224 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elisabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4330 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 21 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 420 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, P E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 32nd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 88 W 13th st; R S, Julius Euler, 604 W 13th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1027 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Helden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauer, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 79 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 878 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3606 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3725 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T,

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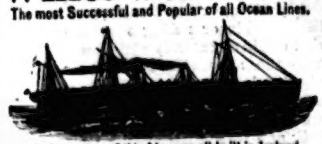

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